

# The Freeman

VOL. IV. No. 100.

NEW YORK, 8 FEBRUARY, 1922

15 CENTS

## CURRENT COMMENT, 505

### TOPICS OF THE DAY

Honour Where Honour Is Due, 508  
Myopic Statesmanship, 509  
The Problem of Clause V, 510  
College Examinations, New Style, 510

The Diary of a Casual Labourer, by Powers Hapgood, 511  
The Quality of the Master, by Albert Jay Nock, 513  
Our Centre of Gravity, by Alice Edgerton, 515  
Andalusian Ethics, II, by John Dos Passos, 517

### LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Dada Is Dead, by Vincent O'Sullivan, 518

### MISCELLANY, 519

## THE THEATRE

The House of the Sea-Gull, by Ida Treat O'Neil, 520

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Those Fourteen Points, by Caroline L. Notzel, 521; A Study in Dual Personality, by Lawyer, 521; Mr. Hays Goes to the Movies, by J. P. Warbasse, 522

## BOOKS

New Evidence in the Case, by Charles A. Beard, 522  
Tradition and Transition, by John Gould Fletcher, 524  
Public Opinion in the Making, by William Z. Foster, 525  
The Poet as Philosopher, by Temple Scott, 525  
Shorter Notices, 526

## A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK, 526

## CURRENT COMMENT.

WE feel great interest in the newspaper-comment now current on the poor old mouldy, fly-blown Washington conference. A correspondent for the *New York Times* observes as a rather noteworthy circumstance that "the conference, which has gone on for more than eleven weeks, has not one big achievement in definite, final form." Mr. Elmer Davis, in the same paper, says that "for all practical purposes the conference may be dead, but its tail will go on wriggling till the sun goes down"; and with fine irony, he remarks the possibility that history may show "that the two great accomplishments of this conference were moral trusteeship and acceptance in principle." A correspondent of the *Herald* says that "the international conference was conceded to be a good thing by the professional Republican politicians. It served as a sort of windshield against the criticisms of a hard winter. The deliberations of the conference monopolized the attention of the people, or at least diverted it from problems of greater domestic and more intimate importance. But the windshield has served its purpose, and has been laid aside." Speaking generally, we think we can say without exaggeration that this paper never delivered any more severe judgments on the conference than now appear in many of the leading newspapers of the country.

WHAT we had to say, however, we said at a time when plain speech was in place. These brethren have an excellent and perspicacious hindsight, but what is the matter with their foresight? If we remember correctly, all our leading daily contemporaries accepted the idea of the conference without overmuch boggling at it. None of them stood out manfully and on the strength of natural good sense warned the public that the thing was a gigantic humbug and swindle and could not possibly be anything else. It would be a cruel and unusual punishment, which is forbidden under the Federal Constitution, to recall the enthusiasm of some of our liberal publications. All this may be good journalism, but as we contemplate it, our respect for the palladium of our liberties drops below zero. Some time ago we ventured to prophesy that if another conference were called on the heels of the Washington affair, the press would again swallow it whole. If the Genoa conference comes off, which we somewhat doubt, we still think that our forecast will stand proof.

If the poor old city of Washington must stretch itself to accommodate many more conferences, it will have to have some gussets inserted and its waist-band pieced out. The national agricultural conference has been in full blast down there for several days. According to reports, not much need be said about its deliberations. Enough may be inferred from its declaration that there can be no restoration of prosperity "until both wages and capital, which enter into the production of commodities which the farmer buys, bear their mutual and just share in the general process of readjustment." It strikes us that wages and capital have been already deflated about as far as they can be without reducing the status of productive enterprise from stagnation to syncope. The brother who most needs to have the processes of deflation applied to him is not the labourer or the capitalist, but the landowner. Industrial values running into the billions have been destroyed since the war, but land-values have kept steadily creeping up and up. The agricultural conference is apparently as far from the point as the political conference. Between the two, American industry—and primarily the basic industry of agriculture—seems hastening to the dogs.

AN interesting light upon the foregoing considerations is furnished by the cashier of a savings-bank in Illinois, who has for several years compiled and tabulated figures showing how the customers of the bank apportion their incomes. Since these figures have already been published, we wish to quote them for the sake of their evidence that every saving made on other items of expenditure is invariably swallowed up by rent. The heading "sundries" covers such substantial matters as fuel, light, education, recreation, medicines and insurance. Comparing the year 1917 with the years 1920 and 1921, the percentages were:

	Savings	Food	Clothing	Sundries	Rent
1917	20%	20%	12%	28%	14 to 20%
1920	10%	30%	15%	20%	25%
1921	15%	25%	15%	10%	35%

It will be a simple matter for anyone to check up the foregoing figures by comparison with his own personal budget. Every saving, every increase of productive power, every public improvement, is of ultimate benefit only to the landowner. It is promptly capitalized in a rise in land-values, with a corresponding advance in rent. It is hard enough for industry and production to keep any vitality against this steady drain, but even this is not the whole story. Industrial values and land-values in this country are about equal, at \$140 billion each. In 1919, industrial values bore in round numbers a tax of four billion dollars, while land-values bore one of only six hundred million dollars. Taxation at present eats up one-third of the net income of corporate business. Now, it seems to us a serious question, how long industry and production can stand the gaff of these outrageously inequitable governmental exactions, on the one hand, and the steady drain of privileged land-monopoly on the other. Nor, going back to the tabulation in the foregoing paragraph, do we see how the rack-rented individual can much longer stand up against the iron either.

IF Mr. Paxton Hibben has the right of it, the French Government has not yet done with throwing good money after bad, in backing military enterprises against the Soviet Government. Mr. Hibben stated the other day that the French and Turks are planning a new invasion of



Russia in the spring; and there would appear to be some support for this view in a recent Paris dispatch stating that the French Government has agreed to turn over to the Turkish Nationalists war-materials worth 200 million francs. This looks as if the French-Turkish combination were preparing to blow up something, and in view of the implacable hostility thus far exhibited by French officialdom against the successors of the Tsar, we are rather inclined to accept the view that the something in this case is the Soviet Government. They may succeed, but we think it rather better than even money that they will blow themselves up instead. The Soviet Government has withstood a good many such attempts, and in doing so it has developed a considerable amount of military strength. Therefore we should not be surprised if it repulsed this new invasion with one hand, while with the other adding its cost to the long list of Russia's counter-claims against the creditors of the old regime.

If the economic conference ever meets at Genoa, as it probably will not, we hope it will meet in the open—as it certainly will not. At any rate there is no harm in our speculating on what would happen if Lenin stood up in meetin' and assumed the burden of the Tsarist debts, and then began to read off a list of Russia's claims against her allied enemies, with an appropriate explanation of each item. When the time comes, as it certainly will eventually, for the unveiling of the Soviet Government's annotated account-books, we may look for a continuation of the educational process already so well begun with the publication of the Sazonov documents. No doubt we shall have evidence of allied and American assistance to counter-revolutionary operations of which we have never yet heard the name; and certainly we shall have a plenty of righteous denials, accompanied by a great scarcity of evidence in defence. The game is a good one, whether it is played at Genoa or elsewhere, but it can not go on for ever without arousing a certain amount of suspicion in the minds of the people who finance the gamblers.

THE leading editorial in this issue was written under a considerable pressure of indignation at the attitude of certain French newspapers towards the report of the Hoover Commission. If we have not succeeded in convincing our readers that European Governments are not looking for our help in any honest plan of economic rehabilitation, the comments of these papers should convince them. The semi-official *Temps* says: "To the two essential conclusions of the Commission we might reply by saying that the United States can not enter into the discussion regarding the payments demanded of Germany, as she has ignored the treaty of Versailles which concerns these reparations. Neither can she discuss the armament of European nations, seeing that she has remained outside the League of Nations." After proceeding to say in effect that Mr. Hoover's Commission does not know what it is talking about, the *Temps* concludes as follows: "Why not recognize frankly that the peace of Europe will remain unstable as long as the great problem of international debts is not settled? Why not recognize that these costly armaments are the inevitable consequence of unpaid debts due? Why, instead of advising economies to ruined Europe, does not this voice from beyond the seas announce life-giving credits?"

If any of our readers can read economic rehabilitation into this bid for financial assistance in collecting on the German indemnity and the Tsarist debts, we should be glad to have it pointed out to us. Certainly this country had nothing to do with determining the amounts of those obligations and it has nothing but commercial ruin to look for from their payment. The United States Government has not been notably successful in collecting on its outstanding loans to European Governments; and one would think that this fact offered some justification for its being a little hesitant about throwing good money after bad. But the *Temps* says in effect: "America has refused to acquiesce in our view of European affairs.

Therefore she has no right to discuss European affairs. Let her give us loans and keep her opinions to herself." In other words this country, having failed to endorse the policy which has brought Europe to ruin, is expected blindly to finance the continuation of that policy. This expectation does little credit to the French reputation for logic, but it makes it quite clear that the kind, and the only kind, of participation in Europe's affairs that is wanted from this country is the kind it gave during the war, namely: signing on the dotted line.

WE wonder if it has occurred to anyone to point out a certain similarity between the attempts of the American Government to install the consortium-bankers in China, and the motions that the Chinese Government has been making in the direction of an increase in import-duties. A statement recently issued by the press-bureau of the Chinese delegation at Washington brings together the two subjects of tariff-autonomy and the consortium-loan, and asks very pertinently why the foreign Governments, our own included, are so ready to promote the financing of China by the consortium, and so hesitant about allowing the Chinese Government to finance itself by raising its tariffs. The bureau objects to the operations of the consortium, on the ground that they involve the mixing of business and politics; and to this objection we subscribe most heartily. However, when the statement recommends the tariff as a highly desirable alternative, we find ourselves thrown suddenly into the opposition. We agree, of course, that the Chinese Government ought to be free from foreign interference in its tariff-policy, as in all other matters whatever, but this does not lead us naturally to the conclusion that the Government ought to use its freedom for the purpose of entering the Western game of barrier-building, and thus mix business with politics on its own account.

THE United States Department of Commerce, under Mr. Hoover's enterprising direction, seems disposed to try anything once. Indeed, it displays a spirit of adventure which would be altogether admirable if only it were guided to any appreciable extent by intelligence, as it apparently is not. The latest experiment announced by the Department is a plan to stimulate our export-trade through the use of motion-pictures. The Department is apparently setting great store by this method. It expects that "representative industrial films" will "prove exceedingly helpful in convincing the people of other countries regarding the industrial ability and facilities of the United States." No doubt; but one is disposed to ask, What of it? The people of other countries may be ever so thoroughly convinced of the worth of American products, but if they have nothing to give in exchange for them, or if adverse exchange or our tariff-laws prevent their giving what they have, of what avail to anyone is their conviction? The Congress is so busy devising ways to cut off our imports that it looks as if the American business man who wishes in future to engage in the export-trade would presently have to do so on a basis of pure philanthropy. Just now, therefore, this new scheme of Mr. Hoover's seems, somehow, more picturesque than profitable.

THE National Child Labour Committee, in an appeal for nation-wide observance of child-labour day, has informed the public that one million boys and girls between the ages of ten and fifteen leave school yearly and go to work because the Federal and State laws against child-labour are inadequate. This seems about as reasonable as it would be to say that the sun continues to rise because the buildings of lower Manhattan have not been made high enough to stop it. The children who go into industry when they should be playing hop-sotch or studying the three R's, do so under compulsion of a law which is about as much affected by child-labour legislation as the sunrise is affected by high buildings. That law is the law of economic necessity. Man does not live by bread alone, but without bread he can not live at all;



and when a family faces the choice between literate dead children and illiterate living children, it is merely obeying the dictates of nature if it puts its children to work. Since the present economic system offers this choice to some ten million children in this country in the course of ten years, it looks rather as if our devoted opponents of child-labour had got hold of their problem by the wrong end.

By all means abolish child-labour, but let us remember that the only way to abolish it is to abolish it. There are, says the Child Labour Committee, two million children from ten to fifteen years old engaged in gainful occupations in the United States. The Federal child-labour law, which has already been declared unconstitutional by a Federal judge in North Carolina, touches at best only fifteen per cent of this number. Children in agricultural labour, for instance, are not affected by it. The Committee states that the sugar-beet industry in the Middle West is steadily increasing its use of child-labour, and that seventy per cent of children thus employed are found to have postural deformities due to long hours of work, continuous stooping, and heavy lifting. The Committee further reports that seventeen and eight-tenths per cent of children of school age are not enrolled in any school. Now, all this is extremely depressing, and we think it must be especially so to those whose efforts to cope with the situation through regulatory legislation have been so reminiscent of King Canute's experience with the tide. The trouble is that their abolitionist efforts have always been directed against parents or employers, instead of against the economic system under which employers and parents are alike helpless. If they have the courage to go out after a better system, we think they are likely to find, when it is established, that employers and parents will not need much legal restraint from the dreadful business of exploiting the young. These practices are to no one's liking; but we all live not as we would but as we may, and "needs must when the devil drives."

THIS appeal of the National Child Labour Committee affords an excellent illustration of the American reformer's faith in righteousness by *force majeure*. The child-labour reformers have been on the job for quite a while now; they have been diligently securing the passage of one child-labour law after another; yet the best they can do when confronted with the failure of this legislation, is to appeal for more "drastic" laws against child-labour. There seems to be a profound and unshakable conviction among all sorts and conditions of up-lifters, that people can be, and need to be, legislated into a better state. One would say that they had not progressed an inch beyond the Heney-Folk-Roosevelt idea that the way to purify and ennoble society is to put somebody in jail. They are apparently sure that if they can only get enough people in jail, they can achieve a moral and righteous national life; and there might indeed be some sort of insane consistency in their method, if only there were enough jails, and enough of the righteous, whoever they are, to round up and herd the unrighteous, whoever these are, into them. But because of the practical difficulties in the way of applying it, as well as for other reasons, this technique of morality has not thus far proved very effective.

THE recently published report of the chief medical officer of the English Board of Education is depressing reading. Last year nearly two and a half million English school-children were medically examined, and of these 47.9 per cent were found to be defective. Sir George Newman, the chief medical officer, points out that most of these defects and their causes are remediable, and he blames as chiefly responsible for this sorry state of things, the overcrowding in towns, housing-conditions, malnutrition and faulty dietary. This conclusion is borne out by the tables included in the report, which reveal the marked inferiority in health of children born and bred

in the overcrowded industrial areas. It is a melancholy story, and at the same time a striking commentary on the grandiose claims of British imperialists.

SIDE by side with the rapid urbanization of life in Britain and the United States, a contrary movement away from the towns is revealed by the recently published results of the census of Northern and Central Russia taken in 1920. Thirty towns out of 180 show a decrease of more than half their population, and it is recorded that in many cases any further decrease would wipe these towns out altogether. Of the two capitals, the population of Moscow is practically stationary, but Petrograd shows a decrease of 43.8 per cent. On the other hand, the increase in the population of the rural areas is sufficient to show a net gain for the whole country, despite the devastations wrought by the Four Horsemen.

SOME time before the last municipal election in New York City, the Republican State Legislature appropriated \$700,000 of the taxpayers' money to enable a legislative commission to disport itself among the white lights of the metropolis for some months and incidentally to investigate political conditions there and make recommendations which would create an era of sweetness and light in the administration of the affairs of the municipality. During the visit of the commission one of its members was arrested for alleged connivance in income-tax frauds, and another, Senator Lusk, received considerable publicity in connexion with his acceptance of costly gifts from the grateful beneficiaries of a certain vicious measure which he had steered through the State Senate. The whole investigation was peculiarly inept and farcical, even as such things go, and the only tangible result seems to have been a considerable addition to the Tammany majority in the recent election, as a protest against such impudence. It now appears that the so-called investigators ran up bills amounting to a total of \$200,000 during their junket, and of course the State is called upon to put up the cash. It is because of tidy little obligations such as this that the people of New York are compelled to pay a direct income-tax to the State Government, in addition to the numerous other governmental impositions under which they struggle to keep the home fires burning. Possibly in the State election this year this unusually conspicuous bit of political brigandage will be a contributory factor in the time-honoured futility of turning the Republican rascals out and putting the Democratic rascals in.

RECENTLY a friend of ours dropped in to listen to Sir Philip Gibbs who is picking up an honest penny these days by lecturing on Russia in various parts of this American dominion. Sir Philip gave, after his fashion, a human and apparently unbiased picture of the present lamentable plight of the Russian people and the causes thereof. Among the causes he mentioned the drought in the Volga regions, the breakdown of transportation, the lack of technicians, the failures and mistakes of a novitiate Government, and the general disorganization following in the wake of the war, but somehow he failed to make any reference whatsoever to the Allied blockade which, in a commercial sense, held Russia incommunicado for four years. Thus we find the bold Sir Philip still displaying his well-known delicacy and tact. Even at this late day apparently there are things that can not be told.

*The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.*

*It is not to be understood that articles signed with name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.*

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Walter G. Fuller, Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by THE FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huebsch, President, 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurtle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1922, by THE FREEMAN, Inc., 8 February, 1922. Vol. IV. No. 100. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.



## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

WE trust that our readers may manage to survive the shock of seeing this paper come forward in defence of the Administration. We can only plead in extenuation that we care really as little as ever about the Administration, but we are interested in wisdom and good sense, wherever found. If therefore, by some odd sport of chance, the Administration for once assumes the part of wisdom and good sense, there is nothing for the Administration and our readers to do, we fear, but take the consequences. Up to the time of writing these lines—we can not answer for what may happen by the time they are in the reader's hands—the Administration has gone very gingerly about accepting its invitation to participate in the "economic" conference at Genoa. For this it is being vigorously lambasted, not only by political interests with an ax to grind, but by organs of independent opinion as well. With the former we are not concerned, but we feel called upon to say a few words in support of the Administration's position against the latter.

We are very tired of seeing the Administration's behaviour put down without question to timidity or "little-Americaism." The *New York World*, for example, speaks strongly. "The United States is no longer governed by faith. It is governed by fear. . . . Mr. Harding's attitude of suspicion and hostility towards the economic conference is due in the main to timidity"—and so forth. The *World's* devotion to the League of Nations has a peculiarly feminine quality in its irrationality. A woman's loyalty is said to be very frequently to the idea of the man she has married, rather than to the actual man. We hasten to run up a rod against possible feminist lightning, by saying that we suggest this parallel on purely traditional authority, not on our own. The actual League of Nations, which the *World* married in its age of innocence, never came up to specifications and has turned out, in fact, a good deal of a rotter; quite as observers whose sentiments were unenlisted, perceived that it would. Nevertheless, the *World's* loyalty persists in spite of experience and reason, and it will never forgive the mass-intuition of the country for failing to share its infatuation. Naturally, therefore, its view of the Administration's attitude is tinged by a sort of sentimental jaundice.

The *New York Globe* also characterizes the Administration's general European policy as an extraordinary mixture "of timidity and arrogance, of ambiguity and direct action." It points out, quite correctly, that by inviting M. Poincaré to back down on his stand against discussion of the indemnity and the French military budget, the President has put the Genoa conference in the hollow of M. Poincaré's hand. All the French Premier has to do is civilly to reject this suggestion, and the conference goes a-glimmering down the visty future, as one of our early Western poets puts it. There is no doubt about this. The *Globe* then goes on to a broad hint of little-Americaism:

The humane and business-like policy for the American Government is to join hands with Mr. Lloyd George in bringing about a full consideration of Europe's economic problems, and of such political problems as bear upon them. Our interests are profoundly engaged, whether we like it or not. . . . Mr. Harding can not commit us to isolation. He can only commit us to inaction.

The *Globe* has, in our judgment, the best editorial page in the city, and displays great insight and good

sense in its general treatment of foreign affairs. But like the *World*, it runs strongly to the womanish in its sentimental attachment to the League of Nations; and this affliction is complicated by a rather indiscriminating view of British institutions, policies, statesmanship and good faith. Hence it is quite easy for the *Globe* to see the Administration's policy in the light of sheer timidity and little-Americaism, and to be correspondingly impatient with it.

We take the comment of these papers as typical and roughly representative of the anti-Administration position all over the country. As far as we know, furthermore, the *Globe* and the *World* may be right—we are not quite hand and glove with the Administration, so we can not speak with authority. We see a distinct possibility, however, that they are not right. If we were appointed press-agent for the Administration, which is "one of those things that simply will not bear thinking about," we believe we could put out an apology that would take account of all the facts, and commend itself pretty competently to the common sense of the American people.

American interests, as the *Globe* says, are indeed "profoundly engaged" in the solution of Europe's economic problems. The United States can never be prosperous until Europe becomes solvent and in a way to carry on. Any movement towards the economic reconstruction of Europe, therefore, ought to receive the heartiest sympathy and co-operation of the United States and all that therein is. This paper had the good fortune to become aware of all this, we think, rather ahead of our contemporaries, and also to propose measures appropriate to the necessities indicated.

Well, then, our contemporaries say, the United States should plunge headlong into the economic conference at Genoa—*Q. E. D.* Anyone who hesitates, is timid or else a splendid-isolationist, a little-American. Not necessarily, brethren—just hold your horses a moment and go easy until we get one or two questions answered. Where is any actual movement towards the economic reconstruction of Europe? When was the United States ever invited to participate in any such movement? Who of all the people assembled, say, at Cannes, and of those who are to assemble at Genoa, if a conference is ever held, has ever shown a single spark of interest in the economic rehabilitation of Europe? What politician has ever shown any concern with general European recovery and prosperity, or with anything except the recovery and prosperity of his own narrowly nationalistic and ruthlessly imperialistic interests?

Never—none—not one; not a sign or symptom of the kind has been seen since the armistice. No one can make us believe that if an honest, whole-hearted, disinterested proposal were made for the economic reconstruction of Europe, the sentiment of this country as well as its sound business sense would not be all for jumping in and helping to the utmost. But no such proposal has ever been made. The United States has been repeatedly invited to this or that political powwow, but to what purpose? Merely to take sides in a factional squabble amongst a professional-criminal class, a delectable crew of professional thieves, liars, over-reachers and confidence-men. This country backed away from the Versailles treaty and from the League of Nations—true. But the League of Nations never contemplated the economic reconstruction of Europe; it is only a reorganization of the general mechanism of economic exploitation, with a view to minimizing the risk and cost of war. No one in his right mind, we are sure, would have the hardihood to pretend that the Versailles



treaty contemplates the rehabilitation of Europe. We have just had a couple of first-rate specimens of "conferences," their methods and results; one at close range in Washington, the other at Cannes. If the conference at Genoa is ever held, it will be held under the same auspices, participated in by the same kind of men, and with the same motives and influences predominant.

Very well, then, it strikes us that the Administration might counter on its critics by saying, Show us a disinterested movement for the reconstruction of Europe, and we will back it for all we are worth, and do all we can to recommend it to the American people. When we get an invitation of that sort, we will accept it. But merely to back England's desires against France's or France's against England's, to support the fraudfulness and chicanery of this-or-that group against another—why? No interest of the United States is served by so doing. There is no cowardice about it, necessarily, no insularity or little-Americaism. It simply is not good business. There is no objection to foreign alliances, such as are indicated by the interplay of economic interests; the founding fathers themselves made plenty of such alliances and saw no harm in them. Entangling alliances, however, are a horse of another colour; these are as dangerous and objectionable now as ever they were.

We offer this rough *précis* to Mr. Harding freely and without thought of reward. We shall not charge him a cent, either, for the compliment we pay him when we say that we believe his instincts, if not his mind, have been working towards some such conclusion as we have here presented. If some folks had done all this, they would want to be appointed consul to Reykjavik, or something equally distinguished, but we shall not advance a single political claim. This perhaps seems quixotic, but we can not help it—that is the kind of people we are.

### MYOPIC STATESMANSHIP.

Few business men, we imagine, would be prepared to give much consideration to a promissory note, undated, bearing the signature of an habitual defaulter. The fact that such a note had the endorsement of a notorious group of highwaymen would add little to its attractiveness as negotiable paper.

Yet it is a note of precisely this character that the Japanese representatives have offered at Washington, in pledging their Government to give up the Russian territory which it has preëmpted and is holding by force in Siberia. Periodically, since the middle of 1918, the Mikado's Government has been putting on the market similar scraps of paper, and over a considerable period of years it has made similar issues in regard to the real estate which it has snatched in Korea. Japanese armed forces still hold down Korea, however, just as British forces still hold Egypt, French forces still hold Morocco and American forces still hold Haiti and Santo Domingo, all in the face of solemn pledges about the temporary nature of the respective occupations, or even equally solemn denials that there was any occupation whatsoever. The acquiescence in the Japanese Government's latest pledge by the gentlemen representing Britain, France and the United States at Washington puts the final touch of derision on that precious note-of-hand.

It is a significant fact that when the Japanese delegates presented their vague statement about their Siberian intentions, none of the representatives of the other Powers was moved by a sense of honesty or a sense of humour to ask for a bill of particulars. In fact only one group of delegates, in the nature of

things, was directly interested in having a straight and specific declaration, and that was the quartet of politicians purporting to represent the United States. The French Government, unless the veracious-looking documents openly arrived at by the gentlemen from the Far Eastern Republic are less than what they seem, already has an understanding with Japan about her place in the Siberian sun. England and Japan, of course, have an agreement of long standing about that portion of the world, the more intimate details of which are enshrouded in truly Oriental mystery.

The gentlemen representing these countries could scarcely be expected, under the circumstances, to put Baron Shidehara through the third degree, but a decent respect for American imperialist interests, if not for honest American traders, might have impelled Mr. Hughes and his colleagues to unloose a pertinent question or two. "Obviously the American Government could hardly have impugned the good faith of Japan at the conference," apologetically declares the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*; but, on the other hand, the American delegates, without violating a single diplomatic propriety, could have accepted the good faith with an enthusiasm insistent on fixing a date for the evacuation of the preëmpted territory. Yet Mr. Hughes sat silent in his glass house. Is it possible that he feared lest Baron Shidehara would reply that the Japanese planned to withdraw from Siberia simultaneously with the American departure from the various States in which American armed forces are uninvited and unwelcomed guests?

If the Siberian "act" in the diplomatic vaudeville now being staged at Washington were of merely farcical significance, we could shrug our shoulders and accept the *dénouement* as a laughable humiliation, but as this paper has pointed out before, the comparison with the Moroccan imbroglio before the war is so close that those members of the audience who have their eyes open can not fail to see tragedy lurking in the wings while the political comedians are performing their grotesqueries before the footlights.

Four decades ago the French Government was playing in the Morocco affair the rôle that now belongs to Japan. M. Delcassé was giving the same solemn assurances that Baron Shidehara is giving to-day. Germany then was the rank outsider, looming as Britain's greatest commercial rival, and eager to play a part in the imperialist game, just as American imperialism is looking for new territories to exploit to-day. The Powers in those days went through the tawdry farce of signing a covenant, giving Germany equal rights with the others in the spoliation of Morocco, but this public declaration was superseded by a secret pact between Britain and France which effectively barred Germany from a share in the swag. Out of this diplomatic sowing sprang a harvest of death and devastation in the late war, and now a new set of so-called statesmen, incapable of either learning or remembering, have again in a new soil set about planting the dragon's teeth.

On the surface, the Japanese Government has won a diplomatic victory, for it holds its rich spoils intact, with the paper acknowledgment of the other Powers. On the surface, Britain too has won a victory in her traditional policy of backing a combination against her principal commercial rival—a position which the United States holds to-day, just as Germany did a few years back—and through the present arrangement American traders are effectively shut out of vast territories in Siberia and China that are capable of producing considerable profits under proper development. For myopic statesmanship these matters are the stuff of victory,



but the seeds of war are planted, and already the soil is budding with swords. But let us not have any illusions about the intentions of American statesmanship in this matter. Our delegates at the conference were not cast in the rôle of innocence for this tragi-comedy. If the British and Japanese representatives have been playing the game of highway robbery, our own representatives have been cheerfully lending a helping hand.

This failure of Mr. Hughes and his colleagues to strengthen the resistance of the Siberians to Japanese encroachments is the result, in a political sense, of an inherited astigmatism. In Russian affairs the eyes of the Secretary of State are the Russian division of the State Department. Under ex-President Wilson this division, in some mysterious way, became loaded down with estimable gentlemen who were married to expropriated Russian countesses and the like. Indeed we have sometimes thought that it would be interesting to know how many thousands of dessiatines of Russian land were owned—on paper—by the wives of Wilsonian diplomats in the Russian division. Under the circumstances it was natural enough that the eyes of Secretary Lansing and Secretary Colby when they turned towards Russia could see nothing but expropriated land. It is, to say the least, unfortunate for American imperialists as well as for honest American traders that Mr. Hughes has done so little to improve the eyesight of the American Government in matters pertaining to Russia and we suspect that if he will take a census of the Russian acreage—old-regime style—still represented by marriage in his Department, he will get some illuminating returns.

Thus not only from the point of view of common sense, but from the point of view of imperialism as well, our politicals have come a bad cropper over Siberia. As to the imperialist view, as far as this paper is concerned, it is of little moment whether a combination of British and Japanese imperialists or a combination of American imperialists or both together rob the people of China and Siberia. Even a genuine pooling-arrangement, such as Mr. Hughes seemed to desire, could not have staved off for many years the inevitable clash of interests, and it certainly would leave the unfortunate people of those lands with little save the pelt they were born with, and that probably in a state of painful disrepair. As for common sense, we seem to have got as much as could be expected from the politicians who are juggling with Far Eastern affairs at Washington—and that is none whatever. In our view the only common sense policy for this country in the Far East is immediate withdrawal, restoration, reparation for the thieveries already perpetrated, and honest co-operation; which are achievements which no international statesmanship within the memory of historians has been capable of.

### THE PROBLEM OF CLAUSE V.

THE dislike of Irishmen for assuming "a fair and equitable proportion" of the national debt of Britain, as provided in the treaty, takes two forms. One is the contention that the debt is not of Ireland's contracting and has never benefited the Irish people—an argument which might reasonably be raised by the English people as well! This objection, however, which might be called purely political, has been waived by the Sinn Féin leaders for the sake of peace. The other objection is economic and somewhat more difficult, under the circumstances, to solve.

Irish economists have long pointed out that one reason why Ireland is so poor is because her taxes, instead of being spent in the country, have always been

exported, in large measure, to London where they have been spent in wages and salaries and contracts and have thus helped, along with the rest of the loot of Empire, to make London the sprawling metropolis it is.

This point, we think, deserves more attention than it has hitherto received in the American press. Contrary to the amiable notion prevailing in these parts—as well as in Great Britain—England has never dug into her own exchequer to meet the expenses of Irish government; on the contrary, she has always made the Irish people contribute to the support of the Imperial Government. The British Government's method has been to collect the taxes in Ireland through its own Civil Service, to spend some portion of this revenue in Ireland and then to export the balance to England for "Imperial purposes."

This compulsory contribution from Ireland to the Imperial exchequer is to-day just four times what it was during the war. The Irish Yearbook for 1921 gives the following instructive figures:

Year	Total Revenue collected in Ireland	Irish Revenue Expended in Ireland	Irish Revenue spent in England for "Imperial Purposes"
1916	£17,929,000	£12,597,300	£5,332,000
1917	23,766,500	12,686,300	11,080,500
1918	26,865,000	13,002,000	13,863,000
1919	37,275,000	22,161,000	15,113,500
1920	50,615,000	29,221,000	21,394,000

Theoretically, under the proposed treaty this compulsory contribution to the Imperial exchequer ceases. Ireland will now set up her own machinery and collect her own taxes and, presumably, spend them in Ireland. But Clause V of the treaty, in providing that the Irish Free State shall assume "a fair and equitable proportion" of the British public debt may result, if not carefully guarded against, in perpetuating the evils of the old system.

In this connexion it is interesting to note the proposal which has been put forth recently by "Æ" who, in addition to being a poet and painter and mystic, is a chartered accountant and something of an economist as well. He suggests that the Irish Free State should assume that part of the British public debt which is now held by the Irish banks. If this were done, he says, then the interest on that debt would be paid to the Irish banks and would stand some chance of remaining in Ireland and subsequently fertilizing Irish industries. Such a policy "Æ" shrewdly points out would make those powerful institutions friendly to the new Sinn Féin State and might even prove a factor in bringing Ulster and the South together.

Under the terms of the treaty, if agreement on this clause is not reached between Great Britain and Ireland, the question is to be submitted to the arbitration of "one or more independent persons being citizens of the British Empire." Here, then, is a new and different type of question, such as must engage the thoughts of Irishmen from now on.

### COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS, NEW STYLE

SOMEWHERE we once heard it remarked that in France, a university-examination in a given subject normally consists of one question, to be discussed for four hours; while in America the ratio between time and topics is regularly reversed. Whether the statement is accurate or not, it is certainly significant; and all the more so now, when one of our colleges is apparently attempting to outdo all its contemporaries in the suppression of individual thought, and the promotion of mental snap-piness and superficiality. The institution referred to is Columbia College, one of the undergraduate



branches of Columbia University; and the evidence which has inspired our warm words of disapprobation is to be found in the *New York Times* for 22 and 29 January.

If our readers will glance over the specimen-questions which appear in the *Times* on the 29th ultimo, they will have no trouble in understanding what we are getting at. The published list is made up of more than a hundred questions, which formed a part of a single examination; and the omission of many numbers from the series indicates that the agenda is by no means complete. It is perhaps a mistake to refer to these multitudinous items as "questions"; they are statements, some of which are to be marked with a plus- or a minus-sign, to indicate truth or falsity, while others are to be completed by the operation of filling in a word or two, or by the checking of one of several words offered as alternatives.

Now, if one asks what sort of material is capable of condensation into brief statements which are unqualifiedly true or false, one sees immediately that the field within which this method of treatment has objective validity is extremely limited. Thus the student knows in advance that the arena has been cleared of all debatable propositions; he knows that he must answer flatly, "yes" or "no." If he is tempted to stray by ever so little from the straight and narrow path—if he feels, perhaps, that one of the factual statements before him demands qualification or interpretation, he is thrown back into lock-step by an admonition such as this, which appears at the head of Part I of the examination in question; "Your score will be based on plus- and minus-signs; don't waste time writing anything else."

Let the reader consider what encouragement is given to mental laziness, disorder and dogmatism, when students in a course on "Contemporary Civilization" are required to affirm or deny, without comment, the following statement: "Politically the most significant consequence of the industrial revolution was the demand for representative government." Presumably the man who framed this question expected it to be answered with a "plus"; but does he forget that the industrial revolution was one of the prime causes of the imperialist expansion of the last half-century? If the student happens to remember this, he must decide in a couple of minutes whether republicanism or imperialism was politically the more significant. When the student has finished off this little job, he must put his approval or disapproval upon this proposition: "Under Colbert, manufactures and commerce were encouraged." Yes, of course! But what difference does it make? How can one say anything worth saying, or think anything worth thinking, about the prince of mercantilists, without giving up a few moments to the consideration of the interesting and highly significant *methods* which he employed in the encouragement of manufactures and commerce? Washington crossed the Delaware; but the vivid memory of that fact, as set down in the primary textbooks, does not carry us very far towards an understanding of American history.

As we see it, the process of applying to mental activities a common denominator of percentages, is a nuisance which should be confined within the narrowest possible limits. When intellectual experimentation is encouraged, and instructors and students are given comparatively free range, the results of the grading process are certain to be highly inaccurate and unreliable. In the very nature of things, there will be no satisfactory correlation between these results, and the ratings given the students in such "mental tests" as

Columbia now substitutes, in certain instances, for entrance-examinations. The only way to eliminate this minor inconvenience, and to put the business of grading upon a footing of scientific accuracy, is to eliminate the personal equation by confining both examiner and examinee to such mental activities as are actually measurable in quantitative terms.

This apparently is what has been done at Columbia College, in those courses where the new system of examinations is in vogue. No doubt this novel method of doing business will produce, before long, a crop of charts and tabulations which will give unbounded satisfaction to the innovators; but the point we are trying to make is that the gathering of the data upon which these mathematical structures are based will involve neither the instructors nor the students in any intellectual activity of first-class significance.

Examinations are, of course, a rarity, and of small importance as compared with the routine-work of the laboratory, library and the lecture-hall; and yet it is hardly to be expected that the labours of students and instructors will proceed without regard to the character of the final ordeal. Where the examination is set by the instructor himself, it naturally reflects his own ideas concerning the matter and method proper to the course; where higher authority takes control, and imposes a three hours dress-parade at the end of the term, the course will sooner or later be given over, at least in part, to the patient practice of the goose-step. If the examination leaves no room for individual expression, and maintains no standard other than that of absolute conformity to type, the instructor will inevitably find himself growing impatient with debatable questions and with inquiring, unruly minds. Without realizing what he is up to, he will suppress individual variations, and select for development those faculties which make human beings most alike and therefore least human. Finally, when he becomes quite proficient in the business, he will be able to take in our young Loyolas and Luthers for a spell, and then turn them out again, as like as so many white mice.

#### THE DIARY OF A CASUAL LABOURER.

28 SEPTEMBER, 1920. Soon after breakfast this morning I started in for Ranier to catch the train for Virginia, where I arrived at 2 P. M. After a quick lunch, I took the interurban for Hibbing, where, after getting a room at the hotel and leaving my pack-sack there, I set out in quest of my first job, which I obtained at the first place I went to. I am to begin work to-morrow at \$5.83 a day for the Oliver Iron Mining Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation.

When I asked for the job, the man who hired me asked me many questions, the answers to which he put down on a blank form. I was afraid they would be unwilling to take me on as a labourer if they heard the dark secret of my college education, so I kept still about that and avoided embarrassing questions as much as possible. This was hard to do as the questions concerned themselves with dates. When asked to fill in the dates of my occupations between September, 1918, the date of my last job, and the present, I could do nothing except say I had been studying. The man also wanted me to give him the names of a couple of business men I knew in my home town, which I gave. All of this questioning surprised me, as it seems strange to take so much trouble with labourers. The man told me, however, that this was done only with young fellows who appeared as if they might be capable of advancement. Evidently I must get older and harder-looking before I can escape my past, although I thought I had disguised myself sufficiently well as a casual labourer by the clothes I am wearing. My finger prints were also taken while I was being questioned.



After meeting the foreman and being told when and where to report in the morning, I walked back to the centre of town and bought some overalls and canvas-gloves. Before supper I took a walk around the town which is an island of 1800 inhabitants entirely surrounded by pit-mines, some of which are a couple of hundred feet deep. With their steep sides and reddish colouring, they look like miniature Grand Canyons. The mine in which I am to work is said by the man who hired me to be the largest iron mine in the world. After supper I went to the movies and then came back to my room and wrote this diary. After to-night I am to live at a camp run by the company.

29 SEPTEMBER. Work began this morning at seven. My job is that of pitman on a steam-shovel gang which is composed of runner, craner, fireman, and four pitmen. To-day there were two extra pitmen in our gang. They were "doubling up"; working an extra shift. This means working three shifts of ten hours each in a row—the regular shift that a man is working on, the extra shift, and the regular one again. Some of the foreigners do this every other night and catch up their sleep at odd times on the job.

The work of pitman consists of doing everything to keep the shovel operating that isn't done by the runner, craner or fireman. To-day our chief task was to take up a six-foot section of track behind the shovel, carry it around in front of the machine, and connect it to the front part of the track. In this way the shovel can keep moving ahead as it shovels great dippers full of ore into a train of ore-cars on a nearby track. There are, in addition, other things that the pitmen have to do, such as helping to repair machinery when anything goes wrong. Among other things he has to dodge the dipper when it comes down for a new load, and between times level off a place in front of the shovel for the new track to go.

I liked the men with whom I worked to-day very much. My boarding- and lodging-place is in a couple of tin houses called "Burke's Camp," run by an old woman named Mrs. Burke. One of the buildings contains the kitchen and eating-room, while the other is one large room holding fifteen beds in which thirty men sleep. My bedfellow is a middle-aged man named Andrew Olsson, who seems to be quite a nice old fellow, although I don't know him well as yet.

30 SEPTEMBER. I woke up this morning from my first night's sleep in the camp, feeling a little stiff from the previous day's work, and seedy from the air in which I had slept. The room was shut up tight, except for one small window, opened about three inches; and a stove was kept going all the night. The men all sleep in very dirty underwear and come in at all hours. In the morning when we were getting up, some of the fellows from the night-shift were just getting in. Most of the men in this camp are young. Olsson didn't kick in the night or roll over on me, so I guess he will make a good bedfellow.

The work to-day was the same as that of yesterday except that we had a normal-sized gang of four instead of six pitmen. The other pitmen's names are Ben, Tom, and John; the two latter being Greeks, the former Norwegian. Ben and I struck up an acquaintance yesterday and chatted together a great deal. During the lunch hour I had quite a talk with Frank Williams, the craner. He said that there are scarcely any union organizations on the Range and that the men who belong to unions keep it dark. Pat Sullivan, the runner, is a large, genial Irishman with whom every one seems to get along well. The other man who works with us is an old man named Gilbert who "trims" the cars. A trimmer's job consists of scraping up the ore around the edges of the ore-cars after the shovel has loaded them and then putting a card in a little rack on the side of each car giving the name of the mine and the number of the shovel.

1 OCTOBER. Our gang was moved to a different shovel to-day, "1592." There is a bigger bank in this location,

so we did not have to move ahead so often and the pitmen could take it easier. We now have a chance to loaf about half the time. A new pitman was on the job in our gang to-day, a Norwegian named Doll. He had beaten his way from somewhere out West by shipping through various employment-bureaux and then failing to turn up on the job to which he had been shipped. This is a very common method of travel when men are being hired freely. He told me that they were still thrashing when he came through North Dakota and that the wages were high. This makes me think that I may move on soon and take advantage of the harvest-wages on my way West.

During the day, whenever we had nothing to do, the "white" members of the gang—a term used, by those who include themselves in this class, to describe any man who is an American, a Britisher, or a Norwegian—argued on political and social questions in which I was usually in a minority of one; with old Gilbert, good-natured and profane like the others, as my chief antagonist. The men all hate England and say that they will never fight in another war unless it's against England. Doll, who was overseas in the late war, complains of the way the English "treated the Americans over there"; and old Gilbert recites history, which he seems to know quite a good deal about, to prove the abominableness of what he calls the —, —, — English. "Perfidious Albion" is his favourite quotable expression on the subject. As for ex-President Wilson, all the men in this gang and particularly old Gilbert think he's a —, —, —. Gilbert, who reads several newspapers every day, can't say enough against him, and as for the League of Nations—"no one with any brains, or no true American" could be in favour of it. Gilbert doesn't like Harding but he's going to vote for him because he's against the League, which he says is only wanted by men like Wilson "who wish to sell America to the English." He's against the Democratic candidate because he favours the League and is a supporter of Wilson, and as for the Farmer-Labour party, he says: "What? Vote for a Socialist? Socialism is a bar on industrial intelligence." That phrase he repeated several times during the day. He's a very likeable fellow, in spite of his opinions, and my ideas evidently do not "queer" me with him for we get along very well together.

To-night after supper I came back to work on the night-shift. I wanted to "double out" because I shall need the money if I decide to leave here shortly for the West. I was assigned to "34," a shovel at the other end of the mine. After stumbling over banks and railway-tracks in the dark, I found the machine in a location with a very high bank of ore so that we had to move only about once an hour. I spent most of the time talking to an Italian pitman who was very gloomy about the near future of the workingman in this country because the Overland factory has just laid off the largest part of its force. I also spent some time in the "dog house" talking with the fireman, a young fellow from the camp where I stay. He said that the Italian was an I. W. W. and that I "had better watch out when he's around," but I could get no indication from the Italian that the fireman was right.

The other pitman and I had eaten our lunches before the arrival of the so-called "noon-hour," so that we could sleep for the whole hour between midnight and one o'clock. I had a good sleep with my back and legs resting on one of the cylinders in the engine-room and my shoulders and head on the case of the flywheel. There were two of these places in the engine-room, and Andrew, a Greek, held down the other. I started for camp at five instead of six in the morning as a man who is working outside his regular shift is allowed to leave an hour earlier so that he can get home, eat breakfast, and get back to his own shift on time. Dawn was just breaking when I got back to the camp and there was a heavy frost on the ground. The surroundings of the place where I had been working during the night were very impressive. The high red bank looming out of the darkness with a streak of moonlight from the dark, starry sky, finding its way into the



pit; the large shovel and the torrent of sparks shooting upward from the stack as it puffed—slowly while it was sinking the huge dipper into the bank and then faster when the heavy load was free and travelling toward the ore-car; and the long train of cars moved by a heavy locomotive in response to a wave of the brakeman's lantern—all these things made the physical aspects of the place very satisfying to one's soul.

2 OCTOBER. Work and conversation to-day were the same as usual. The same gang was on "1592." I was a little sleepy after lunch, but managed to snatch a few winks at intervals, thereby irritating Pat when he found me still asleep on several occasions when he wanted to move his machine. After supper, Andrew, my bedfellow, who had put on his best clothes, and I walked up to the town. Andrew wanted to get his laundry and a kind of chewing tobacco with dope in it, which is very popular.

3 OCTOBER (Sunday). To-day, Pat, Frank, John, Doll and I went down to the shovel to repair parts of the machinery and give it an overhauling. None of the shovels was digging to-day, but a few men from each gang were putting them in shape for the coming week. We put on a heavy driving-chain, cleaned out the flues, and did a few repairs to the engine. Frank and Pat went home early and told us to leave about two o'clock and a full day would be recorded for us. Frank asked me to fill the grease cups in the crane for him, which I did after lunch. Working around this steam shovel has put my overalls in fine shape. I now look like a regular workman, my overalls being almost black with grease.

When I got back to camp, I had a much needed shower, sewed a much needed patch on my overalls, and then wandered uptown. I have decided to move to North Dakota to-morrow. I met Pat in town, told him I was going and said good-bye.

POWERS HAPGOOD.

(To be continued.)

## THE QUALITY OF THE MASTER.

AN age, like our own, wholly given over to the mission of industrial and political development, is no doubt unpropitious to creative work in the arts. It is one thing, however, to recognize and acknowledge this fact, and quite another thing to be overborne by it. It is one thing to admit that classic work in literature, for example, can be produced but scantily and with great difficulty in such an age, and quite another thing to say that it can not be produced at all; and obviously, the effective way to meet the challenge of the age, the effective answer to those who say that classic work can not be produced, is to produce it. "The quality of the master," says Goethe, "shows clearest when it is in a tight place"; and the creative artist should not waste energy in deploring the tendencies of his age, nor on the other hand yield to their direction or make any compromise with them, but persevere steadily in full view of the classic ideals of his art. Some one, in fact, is always doing this; the dark ages are never quite dark. Classic work is always being produced; and by singling it out and calling attention to it wherever it appears, one can always give encouragement and a sense of direction to other artists, and thus fulfil the first function of a critic. With this purpose in view, therefore, I wish to speak of the novel, just published, called "Maria Chapdelaine."

My friend, Mr. Gibbon, whose review of the book was published in the last issue of this paper, put "Maria Chapdelaine" in my hands two months ago, in Sir Andrew MacPhail's translation. Having read it with sincere delight, and wishing to straighten out one or two uncertainties about the text, I read it again in French. Then with increasing gratification I read it once more in Mr. Blake's translation, just put on the

market by the Macmillan Company in a singularly handsome and appropriate piece of bookmaking. After all, I said to myself, even in the drab of an industrial age and with the fear of the cost-keeping system before their eyes, publishers are human! The author is dead and can have no vogue, alas!—the young man, Louis Hémon, died most lamentably by accident in Canada when he was barely out of his youth, and almost immediately after he had finished writing this book. The book itself, probably, will never be a best-seller, or anything like it, it will never make great head against "the natural taste for the bathos"; and yet the Macmillan Company, apparently out of sheer tender respect for a piece of truly classic work, puts it out in a form which by all the standards of an industrial age, is a reckless extravagance! *Scriptum est, non solo pane vivet homo!*

By an odd coincidence, for I do not dip into contemporary fiction oftener by average, probably, than once a year, I began to read "Maria Chapdelaine" within twenty-four hours after I had finished reading Mr. Sherwood Anderson's "Poor White." Mr. Sherwood Anderson has been much before the reading public lately, and I think deservedly. I do not by any means see in his work what others see in it, nor am I among those who think that his later work shows an advance upon his earlier ventures; I think it is poorer. His work in prose fiction, however—I have not read any of his verse—has to me the significance and the very great interest of showing that he could do good work, even classic work, if he but chose to undergo the discipline necessary to its production. This is a great deal to say of anyone, and one may say it of Mr. Anderson, I think, with perfect justice; but to say more than this of him is a disservice and an unkindness. If Mr. Anderson would become at home in his art instead of being all abroad in it, if he would learn to employ discrimination and selective power, to pick out and fasten upon those materials only that his art can use, and then cultivate an instinct for those things and for an appropriate method with them, I see no reason why he might not do work of considerable distinction. The same thing may be said, though not with the same degree of hopefulness, of other young American writers of fiction, and of the latter-day English novelists as well; Mr. Anderson may serve as a type. To make this clear to oneself, one should do what, quite by accident, I did; one should read "Poor White"; and then pass immediately to the reading of "Maria Chapdelaine."

There are, in the first place, certain interesting similarities between the two stories. Both are rooted in the soil; both deal with an exceedingly rudimentary order of civilization. Mr. Anderson places his story in our Middle West; M. Hémon places his in the hinterland of the Province of Quebec. The characters in both stories, therefore, are without exception of an extremely primitive type. Both are in a sense pioneer-stories; Mr. Anderson tells of the pioneer-advances of industry, M. Hémon tells of the pioneer-advances of agriculture. Both authors, obviously, have chosen to work in a field which furnishes scanty and refractory materials, materials with which, for the most part, art can do nothing whatever; and to manage properly the little that one can find available, nothing short of great art, consummate art, is necessary. It is in this respect chiefly, perhaps, that one is reminded of another story that kept persistently coming to my mind as I read M. Hémon's pages, the story of Anatole France which I have always regarded as at the high mark of his classic quality, "The Aspirations of Jean Servien."

Now it is to be remarked that in sorting over his stock



of self-chosen material, M. Louis Hémon proceeds with the stringent and infallible instinct of the artist. Let us put ourselves for a moment in M. Hémon's place. We are confronting the collective life of a single family, isolated on the very fringe of a sparse population in the Canadian woods. It is a life wholly given over to a hand-to-hand struggle with the utmost inhospitality of nature, cruelly laborious, miserably monotonous, hideously dull, squalid, illiterate. Let us ask ourselves what are the elements in such a life that literary art can use. Why, the same elements that one finds anywhere else, the only ones with which art can ever under any circumstances do anything—great actions, great spiritual experiences, great emotions, great situations, great offsets of character against character. "Whatsoever things are elevated, exalted, *grandly serious*"—thus St. Paul lays down a precept which, whatever its general applicability, is absolutely imperative upon the artist in prose fiction—"keep your mind fixed on these things, keep turning these things over and over in your mind." It is the first credit of M. Hémon that he unvaryingly does this. Every chapter of his book discloses or turns upon an action, an emotion, an inner experience, that is *grandly serious*. Thus he proceeds with the infallible sureness of that mastership which really knows what it wants. He knows what elements in the life before him he can use, picks those out and those only, uses them, and leaves the rest untouched.

When on the other hand, Mr. Anderson confronts the life that he has set before him, out of which to construct his "Poor White," he has not the faintest idea of what he wants. He is, as I said, all abroad and bewildered in the ruck of his literary material, and he wastes his workmanship upon page after page of slag and junk with as assiduous attention as he should properly bestow upon pure gold. He is quite unaware that classic art in prose fiction can occupy itself only with certain elements in life, and although these elements are to be found everywhere, quite as much in the Mississippi Valley as in the forest fastnesses of the Province of Quebec, he does not recognize them when he sees them; for, actually, in "Poor White" he has achieved the extraordinary result of missing them altogether, not even hitting one by accident! "Poor White" is, I should say, rather more than half again as long as "Maria Chapdelaine"; and from beginning to end, it discloses not one single semblance of great emotion, great action, great spiritual experience or great offset of character against character!

It is this superiority in selective power, in instinct for the thing to be dealt with, that chiefly determines the total effect produced by the two stories. One might say, as some will probably say on reading these observations, that Mr. Anderson's story is a venture in naturalism, M. Hémon's a venture in idealism, and that the qualities that I am praising in M. Hémon's work belong really to poetry. Such is the power of words and categories that one may think that the difference in the total effect produced by "Poor White" and by "Maria Chapdelaine" is sufficiently accounted for by some such classification. Mr. Anderson's work, I grant, like that of many another among our novelists, is quite what passes current for naturalism among us, and M. Hémon's is not; but let us examine the matter a little more closely. The setting of both stories is, as I said, primitive, commonplace, squalid, hideous. M. Hémon does not shirk one jot of the unpleasantness of his setting. The squalor, hideousness, poverty, dirt, vermin, stagnation of mind, ignorance, superstition, illiteracy—nothing of all this escapes M. Hémon, nothing of it escapes the reader. But the things that are *grandly serious*, the

great actions, the play of great emotions, reduce these details to the place that they actually occupy in the general perspective of life itself. They do not obliterate them, but put them where they regularly lie in our normal experience, and especially in our memory, in relation to these greater matters. In "Poor White" these details of squalor and hideousness lie flat on the surface like the details of a Chinese picture, without being shaded into a correct perspective to the outstanding artistic properties of the story; for of these, as I remarked, there are none. The total effect, therefore, is to suggest an unnatural, almost hypochondriac preoccupation with these details. I am sure that this suggestion does not proceed from Mr. Anderson's real disposition, that it does him injustice; but it is inevitable, the very first page of "Poor White" is shot through and through with it, and it persists undiminished to the end.

This is not naturalism; for life itself, viewed in the mass, viewed in all its weakness, fatuity and dejection, presents no such appearance. When Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" was having its run, I thought I ought to read it, because I myself, as a boy, had put in a brief turn at life in Gopher Prairie; and a very circumscribed, dull and hideous life it unquestionably was. Yet that life does not survive in my memory in virtue of its dullness and hideousness, but in virtue of certain great emotions, great disinterested affections like those of friendship or of family, great spiritual experiences—the principal one being that of attending the meetings of a German singing-society, not a very good one, probably, but one which made up in taste and enthusiasm what it lacked in training, and at any rate enabled me to get most of the "Kommersbuch" by heart, and laid the foundation of my present knowledge, such as it is, of the German language, literature and music. So, because Mr. Lewis took no account of the great experiences, actions, emotions, on the scene at Gopher Prairie—crude, no doubt, crude as those that M. Hémon portrays at Péribonka, but nevertheless great—it seemed to me that his picture was conspicuously unsuccessful as naturalism. Out of curiosity I inquired of other persons who knew Gopher Prairie better than I and had stayed there longer, and after a little thought, they invariably agreed with me. In Brussels once, I thought of buying a gramophone-disk of a quartet from "Martha," but on hearing it played I complained that the male voices were too prominent, that the thing was out of balance. The attendant shrugged his shoulders, and said, "It's the way you hear it in the opera"—and when I took thought and recalled the scene, I remembered that so it really was. Thus, as the scope of life, within any given terms of time and space, actually appears to the higher and real self of man, so should it be made to appear in fiction; and it is the work of M. Hémon, and not of Mr. Anderson, that is completely naturalism, although it does not commonly bear that name.

I have said so much about the exercise of the selective power on material that I have little space left to speak about its exercise on words. In point of method, M. Hémon appears as a true artist in virtue of the austere self-restraint, the classic severity and economy of language which he employs in order appropriately to depict his great subjects. I purposely refrain from quotation because I wish to induce my readers by fair means or foul, to take up his book for themselves and study it in its entirety as an example of purely modern literature in a purely classic style. The passage on the thousand Aves is done with a rarely benign and compassionate warmth, yet with not one turn of phrase too



many and not a word to spare. The passage describing the illness and death of Madame Chapdelaine has the chaste, austere, yet immensely moving simplicity of a Greek elegiac; its last sentences could have been done in the distichs of Simonides or Callimachus. The fourth chapter, telling of the pioneer-struggle for existence, for the reclamation of the soil and the maintenance of a family and a home—one shudders to think what this might have become in any hands not an artist's, especially in the hands of the journalist-novelist who writes of the lure of the North and the call of the wild. The supreme test of M. Hémon, probably, is put upon him by his tenth and eleventh chapters, which deal with the death of François Paradis and its effect upon Maria Chapdelaine; and one can not stop short of "The Aspirations of Jean Servien" to match his triumph. In his treatment of the passion of love, M. Hémon causes his heroine to be courted by several men; so, too, does Mr. Anderson, in "Poor White"; and it is here, no doubt, in a comparison of M. Hémon's method with Mr. Anderson's, that the utterly calamitous quality of a spurious naturalism becomes, perhaps, most clearly manifest. Here again, here above all, one is convinced that it is M. Hémon and not Mr. Anderson, who has reality on his side.

The mass-intuition of men, their collective instinct, always runs true, though their interpretation of that instinct, as Mr. Jefferson observed, may be, and usually is, bad enough. Nevertheless, the intuition is sound. Mr. Gibbon tells me that lately some Canadians freighted a huge stone monument by motor-truck to Péribonka, and set it up there to commemorate Hémon's work; and that the Canadian sculptor Laliberté, himself the son of a Quebec peasant, has just finished an exquisite ideal figure of Maria Chapdelaine, done in marble, which is shortly to be set up and unveiled with considerable public ceremony. For the critic, these facts have an interesting significance. They raise at once the question, Why may not some American artist in prose fiction, why may not Mr. Sherwood Anderson himself, give us something towards which our intuition might similarly turn? I do not say that a stone should be actually set up or a statue actually made, but merely that a tribute of that order should be felt as not excessive, not strained and inappropriate. The *Dial's* award, we all feel, is of an order wholly appropriate to Mr. Anderson's work; he fully deserves just that kind of thing, and should have it. Yet surely a proposal to raise a stone monument in Mudcat Landing to commemorate the rise of the poor-white Hugh McVey, would instantly be felt as a little excessive, as being entirely in the wrong order, the wrong category of tribute. I fear that Mr. Gutzon Borglum would lift up both hands in a gesture of utter despair, if the citizens of Bidwell, Ohio, should commission him to make an ideal statue of Clara Butterworth. The reason is that the figure of Maria Chapdelaine connotes an animating and ennobling group of great actions, emotions, affections, spiritual experiences; and the figure of Clara Butterworth connotes nothing of the kind.

I urge "Maria Chapdelaine" upon our writers of fiction as the most encouraging phenomenon of their time. It was written not only in a political and industrial age, inimical to the production of classic work, but at the very fag-end of such an age, when all forms of spiritual activity are exhausted, dishevelled and sunk to the lowest level. Its publication had to encounter the dehumanizing influences of a great war, a recrudescence and supremacy of the vilest passions and meanest prejudices. It is made out of materials available anywhere under the sun where two or three are

gathered together. Surely, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Sinclair Lewis may say to themselves, if Péribonka can furnish those materials, Mudcat Landing and Bidwell and Gopher Prairie can furnish them. Here, then, is the prevailing, the triumphant answer to those despondent judges of American life, like Mr. Harold Stearns, for instance, who has often put his point of view extremely well in the pages of this paper. What, asks Mr. Stearns, can a young man do? Puritanism is bad, gynocracy is bad, our life is heavily overspread with the curse of hardness, dullness and hideousness, the sky over our heads is of iron and brass (and because these things are true, it is right that Mr. Stearns should speak his mind about them)—so what can a young man do? Well, the American artist in prose fiction, at least, can do what he was meant to do. He can produce classic work; not easily, perhaps, certainly not as easily as he might if floating on the current of a great stream of general spiritual activity, as in the England of Elizabeth or the Athens of Pericles. But clearly he can do it, for M. Hémon has done it. In order to do it, however—let me say, and say again—he must first become aware that the conditions which art imposes upon the production of classic work are inexorable.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

### OUR CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

WOMAN used to be credited with leading man into sin. Nowadays, deprived of that distinction, she is accused of leading him out of the sins he used so blithely to enjoy and driving him into a dour and sorry virtue. It has been demonstrated that it is woman's hostile piety, or her vituperative meanness—in other words the feminist movement—which keeps us all in our present joyless state in America. But, say the critics magnanimously, you can not blame the women, they are simply taking their revenge for generations of bad treatment.

It can not be denied that, male and female, we Americans are indeed an unplayful people nowadays, but the truth is we never have been capable of that peasant gaiety which is said to be characteristic of certain European peoples. Dickens observed in the 'forties that we were not a humorous people; and de Tocqueville found us of a gravity almost incredible—more solemn even than the English. At that early date our national gravity could hardly be laid at the door of the feminists. De Tocqueville, to be sure, points out that American women partook of the prevailing mood; he admires them inordinately, but one feels that he would have regarded an American wife as something of a calamity. How wise they are! he exclaims; but their education, he quickly adds, tends to "invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to men. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has fewer charms."

De Tocqueville, however, was no feminist. Americans have no idea, declares this paragon of wisdom, that democratic principles involve

the subversion of marital power, or the confusion of the natural authority in families. . . . I have never observed that American women thought themselves degraded by submitting to conjugal authority. . . . It appears to me on the contrary that they attach a sort of pride to the voluntary surrender of their will, and make it their boast to bend themselves to the yoke, not to shake it off.

He portrays vividly the terrors of matrimony in the United States and the fortitude with which our women surrendered their independence

without a struggle and without a murmur when the time comes for making the sacrifice. . . . That cold and stern reasoning



power which has been educated and invigorated by the free observance of the world, teaches an American woman that a spirit of levity and independence in the bonds of marriage is a constant subject of annoyance, not of pleasure; it tells her that the . . . sources of a married woman's happiness are in the home of her husband.

Nor is it to the cold virtue of women that de Tocqueville attributes the American inability to be gay. Puritanism, absorption in business, and our "democratic institutions" seem to him responsible for our national ungraciousness. Americans simply do not care for frivolous delights. They prefer more serious amusements which are like business, and which do not drive business wholly from their minds. "An American," observes de Tocqueville, "instead of going in a leisure-hour to dance merrily at some place of public resort as the fellows of his calling continue to do throughout the greater part of Europe, shuts himself up to drink at home. . . . He thus enjoys two pleasures; he can go on thinking about his business, and he can get drunk decently by his own fireside."

Though the puritan spirit repudiated pleasures that are obviously lighthearted, the Puritan was by no means without his gratifications. He had, as M. de Tocqueville tolerantly suggests, the delights of his business. Besides puritanism itself is an enthralling dissipation for those who like that sort of thing. It gives to the virtuous the copious satisfaction of thinking persistently about themselves—the more seriously, the more piously—about their own goodness and their wonderful badness.

Nor does it deny the carnal man. Marriage in the old days was not unlike business, a sober enterprise that provided one with a substantial helpmate. One was fruitful and multiplied, and in pursuance of this divine authority, one was able to cloak with respectability certain satisfactions otherwise difficult to justify. Moreover, a large family, while a creditable burden in its infancy, was useful when grown; and the unhampered birth rate afforded one, in due apostolic succession, no inconsiderable variety in wives. But the ribald pleasures of puritanism were chiefly conducted by men; women got such satisfaction as they might, mostly out of doing their duty and the chance of an early and presumably happy immortality.

Among the upper classes in this country puritanism in practice disappeared long ago, though we all know what the well-to-do think of the workers when they riot to their daily toil in Fords and waste their wages in moving-picture palaces. But even among the prosperous who can afford the luxury of play, the influence of puritanism persists.

The harshness of the puritan faith and of the surroundings of our forebears has rendered us immune to the lure of simple gaiety. We still look upon money-getting as more fun than anything else, and play ourselves to death at it; we still think it silly—it is not now the fashion to say sinful—to waste time and thought in the creation of pleasure. We take to the spending of money in noisy, lavish fashion, partly by way of revolt from repression; and we have a wholesome fear lest some one catch us in the act of being high-brow. Nor can those simple pleasures flourish which cost only the blithe activity of the participant; they bore our fat sensibilities, and they are negligible because they are cheap.

While men have devised for themselves many ways of dissipation, women of the corresponding social class have been largely left outside. Wives, at all costs, must be "nice." To be sure, men often want them to be expensive in order to advertise their own success, and the as-

piration of women in the ranks of the social climbers to imitate the expensiveness of upper-class women makes sexual selection operate in the direction of money-getting and money-spending rather than play. Not that women have been denied a form of play of their own; but in the play of man they have not been encouraged to take part. Women who are born into the costly classes or have married into them may disport themselves without limit in society, art, uplift and massage, and in sexual marauding up to the point of getting caught; they can sigh away a tender afternoon with a screen-hero, sport with hair-maker and skin-maker, and pour their whole souls into the gentle art of keeping thin. But if such a woman has the bad judgment to become involved with her chauffeur or her dentist, she quickly discovers that white-slave laws in their application to men are as nothing in their severity compared with white-slave laws in their application to ladies who go too far.

There is, indeed, an untroublesome feminine middle class in this country, the gentler descendants of de Tocqueville's "virtuous female," odd hybrids by Pleasure out of Duty. They are satisfied. They enjoy taking care of their husbands, their houses and their children, and derive a gratuitous satisfaction from the theory that they are thus performing a social service. In church, charity and uplift, they exercise the efficiency and organizing ability that are a part of the fun of business—"making the world a better place to live in." They go dutifully to the drama and the symphony, and they approach art shyly, feeling that they owe it to society and to their husbands and children to keep up with the times. They look upon self-improvement as a duty in the abstract. They sanctify even a pretty face and a cheerful disposition as rendering a service to those about them.

The feminist, on the other hand, enters the male world of enterprise, and gets the same fun out of business that a man does. If she is successful, she is likely to be as conservative as a church, a replica of the respectable business male of the 'forties. She may not contribute to the play of man, but she can hardly be accused of depriving him of play; practically she does not affect him.

The reforming feminist, however, is of a different species. She may be your pure Puritan, finding her sport in fighting for her rights, or in imposing virtue on the community; and while she seldom gets much satisfaction from her victories, she is always avid for new worlds to conquer. Or she may be merely a young woman trying to find a rational human basis upon which she may meet men and perhaps even create a spirit of carnival.

All these various types of feminist women are less satisfied than men because they get so little normal play with men. For the dissipations of men none of these women, except perhaps the reformer, has any taste; nor has she any liking for the milky diversions of the good middle-class male. The reformer, indeed, may enjoy vicarious delights in her daily dabbling in the sins of the world, the flesh and the devil, but even she is likely enough to be groping for a more genial chance at life.

After all, you never can tell about the harsher feminist. Perhaps the defrauded male, forced by her wiles to stay virtuously at home, needs only to forget her virtue. Perhaps if he dealt with her justly he might find under her puritanic skin a companion quite as capable of carnival as most of those whose availability is more obvious.

Alice Edgerton.



## ANDALUSIAN ETHICS.

## II

WHEN we got to Almuñecar, Don Antonio, the goblin-driver and I sat at a little table outside the empty Casino. A waiter appeared from somewhere with wine and coffee and tough, purple ham and stale bread and cigarettes. Over our heads dusty palm-fronds trembled in occasional faint gusts off the sea. The rings on Don Antonio's thin fingers glistened in the light of the one tired electric light-bulb that shone out of a mass of palpitating moths over our heads, as he explained to me the significance of *lo flamenco*.

The tough, swaggering gesture, the quavering song well sung, the couplet neatly capped, the back turned to the charging bull, the mantilla draped with exquisite provocation: all that was *lo flamenco*. "On this coast, Señor Ingles, we don't work much, we are dirty and uninstructed, but, by God, we live. Why, the poor people of the towns, d'you know what they do in summer? They hire a fig-tree and go and live under it with their dogs and their cats and their babies, and they eat the figs as they ripen and drink the cold water from the mountains and, man alive, they are happy. They fear no one and they are dependent on no one; when they are young they make love and sing to the guitar, and when they are old they tell stories and bring up their children. You have travelled much. I have travelled little. Madrid, never further. But I swear to you that nowhere in the world are the women lovelier, or the land richer, or the cookery more perfect than in this *vega* of Almuñecar. . . . If only the wine weren't quite so heavy —."

"Then you don't want to go to America?"

"*Hombre por dios!*" he cried with a significant flick of the fingers. "Sing us a song, Paco. . . . He's a Galician, you see."

The goblin-driver grinned and threw back his head. "Go to the end of the world, you'll find a Gallego," he said. Then he drank down his wine, rubbed his mouth on the back of his hand, and started droningly:

*Si quieres qu'el carro cante  
mojale y dejel' en río;  
que despues de buen moja'o  
cante com'un silbi'o.*

(If you want a cart to sing, wet it and soak it in the river; for when it's well soaked it'll sing like a locust.)

"Hola," cried Don Antonio; "go on." And the goblin-driver began again:

*A mi me gasta el blanco,  
viva lo blanco, muera lo negro.  
Porque el negro es muy triste.  
Yo soy alegre. Yo no lo quiero.*

(I like white; hooray for white, death to black. Because black is very sad, and I am happy, I don't like it.)

"That's it!" cried Don Antonio, excitedly. "You people from the North, English, Americans, Germans, what not; you like black. You like to be sad. I don't."

*Yo soy alegre. Yo no lo quiero.*

The moon had sunk into the west, flushed and swollen. The east was beginning to blench before the oncoming sun. Birds started chirping above our heads. I left them; but as I lay in bed, I could hear the hoarse voice of the goblin-driver roaring out:

*A mi me gusta el blanco  
viva el blanco; muera lo negro. . .*

At Nerja, in an arbour of purple ipomœas on a red, jutting cliff over the beach, where brown children were bathing, there was talk again of *lo flamenco*.

"In Spain," Don Alonso was saying, "we live from the belly and the loins, or else from the head and the heart. Between Don Quixote the mystic and Sancho Panza the sensualist there is no middle ground. The lowest Panza is *lo flamenco*."

"But you do live."

"In dirt, disease, lack of education, bestiality. . . . Half of us are always dying of excess of food or the lack of it."

"What do you want?"

"Education, organization, energy, the modern world."

I told him what the donkey-boy had said of America on the road down from the Alpujarras, that in America they did nothing but work and rest so as to be able to work again. And America was the modern world. And *lo flamenco* is neither work nor getting ready to work.

That evening San Miguel went out to fetch the Virgin of Sorrows from a roadside oratory and brought her back into town in procession with candles and sky-rockets and chanting; and as the swaying, cone-shaped figure, carried on the shoulders of six sweating men, stood poised at the entrance to the plaza where all the girls wore jasmine flowers in the blackness of their hair, everybody waved their hats and cried, "*Viva la Virgen de las Angustias!*" And the Virgin and San Miguel both had to bow their heads to get in the church door, and the people followed them into the church crying "*Viva*," so that the old vaults shivered in the tremulous candlelight and the shouting. Some people cried for water, as rain was about due and everything was very dry; and when they came out of the church they saw a thin cloud like a mantilla of white lace over the moon, so they went home happy. Wherever they went through the narrow, well-swept streets, lit by an occasional patch of orange light from a window, the women left behind them long trails of fragrance from the jasmine flowers in their hair.

Don Alonso and I walked a long while on the seashore talking of America and the Virgin and a certain soup called a *jo blanco* and Don Quixote and *lo flamenco*. We were trying to decide what was the peculiar quality of the life of the people in that rich plain (*vega* they call it) between the mountains and the sea. As we walked about the country, elevated on the small grass-grown levees of irrigation-ditches, the owners of the fields we crossed used, simply because we were strangers, to offer us a glass of wine or a slice of watermelon. I had explained to my friend that in his modern world of America these same people would come out after us with shotguns loaded with rock salt. He answered that even so the old order was changing, and that as there was nothing else but to follow the procession of industrialism, it behooved Spaniards to see that their country forged ahead in the parade, instead of being, as heretofore, dragged at the tail of it. "And do you think it's leading anywhere, this endless complicating of life?"—"Of course," he answered. "Where?"—"Where does anything lead? At least, it leads further than *lo flamenco*."—"But couldn't the point be to make the way significant?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Work," he said.

We had come to a little nook in the cliffs where fishing-boats were drawn up with folded wings like ducks asleep. We climbed a winding path up the cliff. Pebbles scuttled underfoot; our hands were torn by thorny aromatic shrubs. Then we came out in a glen that cut far into the mountains, full of the laughter of falling water and the rustle of sappy foliage. Seven stilted arches of an aqueduct showed white through the canebrakes inland. Fragrances thronged about us; the smell of dry thyme-grown uplands, of rich, wet fields, of goats and jasmine and heliotrope, and of water cold from the snow-fields running fast in ditches. Somewhere far off a donkey was braying. Then, as the last groan of the donkey faded, a man's voice rose suddenly out of the dark fields, soaring, yearning on taut throat-cords, slipping down through notes, like a small boat sliding sideways down a wave, unrolling a great slow scroll of rhythm on the night and ceasing suddenly in an upward cadence as a guttering candle flares to extinction.

Something that's neither work nor getting ready to work.

And I thought of the *arriero* on whose donkey I had forded the stream on the way down from the Alpujarras, and his saying: "*Ca, en América no se hace na'a que trabahar y de'cansar*." I had left him at his home village, a little cluster of red and yellow roofs about a fat tower that the Moors had built and a gaunt church that hunched



by itself in a square of trampled dust. Before going into town we had rested awhile under a fig-tree, while he had put white canvas shoes on his lean feet. The broad leaves had rustled in the wind, and the smell of the fruit that hung purple, bursting to crimson, against the intense sky, had been like warm velvet all about us. The *arriero* had discoursed on the merits of his donkey and the joys of going from town to town with merchandise, up into the mountains for chestnuts and firewood, down to the sea for fish, to Malaga for tin-ware, to Motril for sugar from the refineries. Nights of dancing and guitar-playing at vintage-time *fiestas* of the Virgin, where older, realer gods were worshipped than Jehovah and the dolorous Mother and the pale Christ, the *toros*, blood and embroidered silks aflame in the sunlight, words whispered through barred windows at night, long days of travel on stony roads in the mountains. I had lain back with my eyes closed and the hum of little fig bees in my ears, and wished that my life were his life. After awhile we had jumped to our feet and I had shouldered my knapsack, with its books and pencils and pads of paper, and trudged off up an unshaded road, thinking with a bitter merriment of that prig Christian and his damned burden.

"Something that is neither work nor getting ready to work, to make the road so significant that one needs no destination: that is *lo flamenco*," said I to Don Alonso, as we stood in the glen looking at the seven white arches of the aqueduct.

He nodded unconvinced.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

### DADA IS DEAD.

SIRS: In a vaudeville show given in Paris lately it occurred to the producers to have a funeral procession of the enterprises that had died during the year. So they passed across the stage, one by one, lugubriously, while the musicians played a dead march. Among them was our old friend "Dada." Which proves two things: (1) that Dada had become known to the general public; (2) that Dada is really dead.

Possibly one fact proceeded from the other. Possibly the death of Dada was the result of its notoriety. It lived on notoriety. It had as much need of the public as a patent medicine. When the public ceased to take interest in what it had to offer it languished and died.

To tell the truth, the interest and knowledge of the public concerning Dada resembled the sour interest that the inhabitants of a university town take in exhibitions of rowdiness by the students. The noise is forced on them, but they neither know nor care what it is about. If one had asked a man in that theatre who was laughing at the funeral of Dada to explain just what Dada was, he would doubtless have replied that they were people who painted pictures upside-down, who made an abominable row with tin kettles and motor-horns and called it music, and that they were young men and women who lived a life without conduct in Montmartre. His reply in fact would be a composition of what he had read in the leading newspapers and had managed to remember about cubism, and Marinetti's futurism, and also about Dada.

He would be wrong, of course. Cubism and even futurism are movements which have their place in the history of art. Dada was not a movement; it was an accident. Cubism is dying too, but it leaves something: it has been fertile. Dada leaves nothing—not even regrets. It bragged that it was nothing, that it could create nothing. But it is only an apparent paradox to say that the only expression of anarchism that counts is productive. From Nietzsche's destruction, for instance, arises a very definite order of life. To ignore the past were futile and is, as a matter of fact, impossible. You are not ignoring the past when you are spitting on it. The principle of life is contained in the sentence: "I come not to destroy but to fulfil." Dada banged the big drum and yelled its dislikes. But what do you *like*,

Dada? What do you want us to like? The answer was: Nothing. That is the way to death. Dada is dead.

It deserved to die. It was bloodless and cynical, and with that hysterical, vindictive, and cruel. It did its best to have bad manners, to be rude. That was its one clear success besides its knack of advertisement. Some middle-aged young men persist in believing that Dada is still alive, and, holding up the corpse by the arm-pits, they drag it through certain magazines and reviews in England and America. But the real youth of this generation take no interest in Dada—not even enough to laugh at it and despise it. The "rags" that it used to arrange they feel justly they can do better themselves. In the Dada manifestations there was too much of a deliberate resolution to be youthful and sportive and gay. The very fact of its having organized public shows revealed a disquieting commercial purpose. Nor does the kind of work published by Dada inspire any confidence, still less any desire to follow in its traces. Here it is not a question of tradition or anti-tradition, or of anything else but the most effective means of literary expression. If you go to the trouble of printing something to be circulated among the public, it is elementary common sense to make what you print readable. Dada put all kinds of difficulties in the way of the reader: for a French reader a Dada magazine looked as forbidding as a Russian newspaper, and there was no likelihood of sufficient gain to repay the trouble of deciphering it. The French youth have seen very well that a great and original poet, P. J. Toulet, who died a few months ago, was far more original than any poet produced by Dada, although he was content with traditional forms, and even with the simplest of those forms.

There are some good writers in the Dada group, but they are good to the extent that they remove themselves from Dada. M. André Breton is an admirable critic, one of the few living critics with a new canon of criticism; to which he adds a lucid method of expounding it, "L'Empereur de Chine," by M. Ribemont-Dessaignes, is a play which I find delightful from first to last. MM. Aragon, Paulhan, Soupault, have all written things in non-Dadist publications which show great talent. In the Dadist papers these same men are silly and cocky and pretentious, with their thumb at their nose as a permanent attitude. They are like Coleridge's "old clo'," man—with a difference. He could say "old clothes" perfectly, but he was afraid that if he did nobody would understand him. The Dadists whom I have just mentioned can write excellent clear language, but their fear is that somebody may understand them.

When the Dadists were in their hey-day, I went one afternoon to an exhibition of pictures which they had organized. They looked like staid and careful bank-clerks, very neat and precise. M. André Breton looks like a young American business man—a publisher perhaps. I was struck by the fervour with which they fell on the necks of certain journalists of beard and repute whom they had evidently invited. Yet these journalists were the very men they professed to despise. I realized better than ever their talent for self-advertisement. Some of these Dadists, combining as they do literary gifts and a talent for exploiting them, should go far, now that Dada is dead.

Two men intimately connected with Dada deserve notice. Nobody believes that M. Francis Picabia is sincere, least of all himself. He claims that he gave birth to Dada; at all events he was the man-midwife. Some months ago, he violently renounced Dada and the Dadists, and he now claims that he murdered Dada. What is plainest in M. Picabia is that he wants to be talked about. The other day at the *vernissage* of the Salon d'Automne he had posted men at the entrance to distribute circulars about himself calling attention to his pictures in the exhibition. M. Picabia has talent both as a painter and as a writer. Some of his non-Dadist pictures are very agreeable; and one can pass a pleasant half-hour in reading a pamphlet in which he expresses his disenchanted and wholly cynical views of life—or



rather of that ugly and false kind of life which the art-circles in Paris reveal when you come to know them pretty well, a kind of life with as little affinity to the loyal, serious, and devoted lives of most of the people of Paris as Mount Calvary has to Monte Carlo. M. Picabia's picture in the Salon this autumn is simply a circle drawn with a compass and a line drawn down from the circle. Some words are printed on the side. It is the kind of thing that may be seen on blackboards in school-rooms. I am waiting till M. Picabia sends to the exhibition a quite untouched canvas in a frame. It will certainly be accepted, so great is the power of bluff with enough nerve behind it. Some will be found to hail that canvas as M. Picabia's masterpiece. Perhaps, indeed, it might be, since what M. Picabia is doing now has not the remotest connexion with pictorial art, but is rather a revelation of his power to force himself on the juries who select the pictures for these shows.

Is it really necessary to speak of M. Tristan Tzara? Yes, because it is he, much more than M. Picabia, who is responsible for the death of Dada. This little man, a Rumanian, who looks like a cross between a Japanese and a Levantine, came to Paris from Switzerland, where he directed the activities of Dada during the war. He is perhaps the only one of the group who has not a sense of humour. The others have their tongues in their cheek often enough; he is in deadly earnest. His aim seems to be to render null all forms of artistic expression. Thus he is akin to those severe and devout people who regard all art as sinful, and to those materialists who regard all art as worthless. Logically, of course, he ought not to write at all or be active in any way; the sole logical existence for one who is convinced of the nothingness of all earthly things, including himself, is that of a hermit, a life of pure contemplation. But we are far from convinced that M. Tristan Tzara has arrived at that state of disinterestedness. He has the concentrated look of the self-important. His are the well-known tactics of calling attention to himself by disapproving of all that the rest of the world has agreed to admire. Some months ago a Dadist magazine requested the chief Dadists to put a numerical value against the celebrated names in the world's history. Most of the Dadists were merciful: they gave Shakespeare, for instance, thirty out of a hundred. But the implacable little Rumanian showed no weakness. Not only did he turn down such non-entities as Jesus Christ, Sophocles, Tolstoy, Goethe, but he placed his minus sign opposite names with which the Dadists were thought to have sympathy—Apollinaire, Max Jacob, Picasso.

At their last public meeting the Dadists called the Unknown Soldier up from his grave and held him up as a figure of fun. This was not generally liked. It was thought to be in bad taste. The notion was ascribed to M. Tristan Tzara. It hastened the death of Dada.

There are some Americans in Paris, the middle-aged young men I have spoken of, who still believe that Dada is alive. Nobody else does. These Americans will doubtless continue to speak for some time yet of Dada as a living thing. Don't believe them. Dada is dead. I am, etc.,

*Paris, France.*

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

## MISCELLANY.

IN the modern theatre there seems to be no limit set to the reducing of crime to an absurdity. The playwrights of our day appear to be determined to make us laugh at every item in the penal code. A few nights ago I went to see a new play that had been highly recommended to me as a cure for the blues. Though I was not suffering from that dire complaint at the time, I went to the show, for I enjoy a laugh as much as any one—and fortunately it is not difficult to make me laugh in the theatre. At the circus I can still enjoy the clown and his antics as much as any ten-year-old, but when it comes to being amused at what is nothing more or less than downright crime, I find myself more than a little shocked and puzzled. The

play at which I laughed so heartily the other evening dealt with embezzlement, murder, suicide, alcoholism and shell-shock, with a realism so fascinating that it required only a trifle to turn the whole structure of the play from the comic to the horrific. While I sat there laughing I was fully conscious of the thinness of the thread that held the play together as a farce, and I found myself wishing that by some magic I could snap the thread and see what the effect would be on the audience, and upon the actors too.

THERE were, of course, other ingredients in the play besides the criminal. They were, however, only the standbys that are found in every author's larder, such as love, hate, truth, falsehood, cynicism, stupidity, inconstancy, vulgarity and cupidity. These are the small raisins and currants of the playwright's plum pudding, which taste a little different sometimes, when the skilful mixer uses a flavouring of his own. When, however, these staple foods are gingered up with such highly spiced condiments as murder, embezzlement, forgery, pistols, and shell-shocked policemen, the result as an article of diet is open to doubt; but that night after night large audiences should give every evidence of appearing to enjoy the concoction is to me a subject for wonder and amazement.

It seems to me that there is something in this form of entertainment that for those who are addicted to it has all the fascination of strong drink. While one is taking it in, one experiences something of the sensations of what old toppers used to call "riveting," i. e., taking a dose the next morning of the same medicine that had been too freely partaken of the night before. So it was while witnessing that orgy of crime the other evening I was conscious of a riveting process at work. On my way to the theatre I had a vague feeling that things were wrong somehow, that the times were out of joint, but in some strange manner, the play destroyed this feeling for the time being. But only for the time being, for the next morning, I felt humbled, distressed, ashamed, puzzled. The more I thought about the play and my laughter at it, the less I liked myself. Like Ruskin, I had a feeling that some forms of entertainment are humiliating.

WHAT is the explanation? I thought I knew well enough what to laugh at and what not to laugh at. Time was when I knew what plays could be regarded as farces. I knew what burlesque was, and I knew the difference between burlesque and extravaganza. I can remember J. L. Toole's burlesque of Wilson Barrett's "Claudian," and to this day I can not restrain a smile at the thought of it. In the days of Will Terris, Charles Warner and Jessie Milward, we never conceived of the possibility of a hero who was steeped in crime. There would have been a riot in those days if the villain had succeeded in carrying off the girl and the swag. It is impossible to think of a manager and a playwright asking an audience of thirty or forty years ago to laugh at a play in which the hero tampers with the funds of his bank, and entertains an old sweetheart in the house in which lives his ward, whom he loves; a play in which the director of the bank is shot a few minutes after he has committed a robbery, and while the dead man's widow is wringing her hands in despair the audience roars with laughter at the antics of a stupid old gentleman.

WHAT does it indicate, I wonder, this disposition to laugh for two hours at a play dealing with murder, robbery and general crookedness? Perhaps some student of modern plays and playgoers will be able to elucidate the problem. Here, surely, is a question for those learned in the new psychology to grapple with. It would save a great deal of time if we could find out whether any of the old values are worth keeping; whether the sense of proportion which was so necessary to our fathers in estimating the worth and durability of serious things, is of any use to us moderns.



It is said that the moving-picture drama is destroying in its devotees the power of reasoning; it leaves so little to the imagination, that thinking is quite unnecessary when one sits before the screen where everything is set forth as plain as a pike-staff. There may be something in this theory. When I see the lurid posters outside the moving-picture theatres I often wonder what effect these pictures must have upon the people who have no other form of entertainment. Now that every variation of the penal code has been dramatized for the millions, and every form and phase of crime has been shown in the attractive garments of fashion and wealth, what is left to the imagination? Like those who became familiar with the horrors of war, the patrons of the cinema must by now be well acquainted with the wrinkled front of grim-visaged crime; their sensibilities have been dulled, their nerves atrophied, and their hearts made callous by familiarity with moving-pictures of battle, murder and sudden death.

With the loss of imagination the last safeguard of refinement is gone, for it is imagination that makes us sensitive, protects us against what is coarse and ugly. Can this, then, be the reason why the dramas of crime that infest our modern stage are so easily turned to farces, and become mere "mirth-provokers"? Maybe, but there must be something radically wrong with us all when we fall such easy victims to devices so shallow. Poor Hartley Coleridge, in his "Address to Certain Goldfishes," says:

On this hapless earth  
There's small sincerity of mirth  
And laughter oft is but an art  
To drown the outcry of the heart.

That is the way it was many years ago. With us of the moving-picture era it is different.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### THE HOUSE OF THE SEA-GULL.

THE House of the Sea-gull on the Kamergersky shows the traces of seven years of war and revolution. The plaster of the façade is cracked and falling; a portico has disappeared, leaving a dozen gaping holes about the street-entrance; within doors, the corridors are damp with a reminiscence of burst water-pipes, and the visitor is apt to trip over the torn carpet on the stairs. The auditorium itself has suffered less. In the intimacy of its contours, in the sobriety of its waxed oak and subdued lights, it still suggests any one of the smaller playhouses of Munich or Berlin. As for the audience, it is made up of the usual sprinkling of children and soldiers and the usual mingling of young folks and old that constitute audiences the world over.

There in the Moscow Art Theatre one evening last June I saw M. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" given as no Western producer has yet been able to give it. The actors were members of the "First Studio"—one of the nine groups that cluster about the nucleus of the main theatre—who presented the play with a happy sincerity that made the fairy story live. In the charm of the setting, in the restraint and almost classic finish of the production, one recognized the characteristic precision of Stanislavsky, the founder and director of the Moscow playhouse and dean of the modern theatre-movement. His "Blue Bird" was all half-tones. It had the intimacy of a wonder-tale told in a firelit nursery or of a dream by the chimney-corner. Every detail was subdued; the grotesque and the marvellous, the very characters themselves; and for the spectator of this quiet world of mystery it seemed as if the gauze veil that hung so frequently before the stage-picture had dropped behind one, shutting out for a moment the vivid world of the Moscow streets.

Several days later, the same company presented a very different programme: M. Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of St. Anthony" and Chekhov's "Marriage." Both plays gave one an excellent opportunity for observing the famous Stanislavsky stylization of comedy; stylization in the treatment of the individual characters as well as in the handling of crowds. Stanislavsky's characters are in no sense caricatures. He discovers in each the trait which he considers essential from the standpoint of the drama. This trait is not exaggerated; it is merely isolated. Thus each character represents a single note in the harmony of the main action. Every gesture, every action, has meaning only through its relation to the central theme of the play. So the group, composite in its make-up, becomes wholly synthetic in its reactions. The guests at the marriage banquet in the Chekhov play, the relatives of the defunct lady in the Maeterlinck comedy, with all their differing individual psychologies, are welded together and respond as one to the stimuli which come from without in the persons of the general and the saint. Stanislavsky treats the group as a single unit and by his daring use of the common gesture and of words spoken in concert, not only obtains a remarkable series of stage-effects, but succeeds also in attaining an astonishing degree of dramatic unity.

The technique of the director of the Moscow Art Theatre, in itself a wide departure from the accepted conception of realism on the stage, represents Stanislavsky's twenty years of effort to adapt to the drama the literary technique of his friend and master, Chekhov. His theories and methods have been made known to the Western world, chiefly through the work of his two best-known disciples, Mr. Max Reinhardt and Mr. Gordon Craig. To-day, however, there are scores of directors in Europe and America, including M. Jacques Copeau, Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Maurice Browne—who have profited directly or indirectly from the experiments of the Moscow group; and in Russia to-day Stanislavsky is still experimenting.

"I have often longed to try my hand at opera," he said to me one afternoon as we sat chatting in his study, under the portrait of Chekhov. "I have always believed that if one could succeed in freeing the opera of its bombastic technique and its atmosphere of melodrama, it could be made a pure and intelligent art-form. Left to my own initiative, I might never have found either the time or the opportunity for the production of opera. As it is, however, I had it thrust upon me!" Whereupon Stanislavsky proceeded to tell me how at the time when the Art Theatre was nationalized he had been asked to co-operate with the directors of the other State theatres, including the Moscow opera. He therefore decided to concentrate his efforts on opera. In this, however, he was far from successful. The chief difficulty lay in the artists themselves; they felt that they had nothing to learn from Stanislavsky, and they refused to consider the opera as anything more than a vehicle for their particular talent. Several among them adopted a somewhat condescending attitude, and came so irregularly to the theatre that serious work was out of the question. After several fruitless months, Stanislavsky resolved to abandon the great singers, yet being loth to give up entirely his experiments with opera, he determined to make a humbler beginning, and organized the "opera studio" of the Art Theatre.

The members of this group are young singers; without any remarkable voices among them, yet already they have become one of the most interesting elements of the Art Theatre. Indeed the success of their first public performance was such that many of the singers



at the Moscow Opera have had a change of heart and several have come in secret to the Kamergersky play-house begging to be coached in the new interpretation of opera.

Following my conversation with Stanislavsky, I heard two acts of "Eugene Onegin" and the first scene of Rimsky's "Tsar Saltan," given by the members of the "opera studio." The striking feature of the performance was its utter simplicity. Every convention of the opera-stage had been suppressed. The orchestra was out of sight in the wings. Music was no longer a deforming element in the drama; it heightened the poignancy and quickened the rhythms of the action. There was not a trace of exaggeration in the technique of the actors. Music, setting, action—no one of the three took precedence over the others. All contributed to create a perfect, artistic whole.

On another occasion I heard the same group of singers in a concert-programme made up of the works of Rimsky-Korsakov. In addition to their very creditable rendering of the music itself, the group had clearly abandoned the accepted conventions of the concert-hall. Instead of the usual one or two or at most three singers, there were fully a dozen, who remained anonymous, for their names did not appear on the printed programme. To avoid formal entrances and exits, all sat in a group about the grand piano, like guests in a drawing-room. Each rose from his chair to sing, and leaning against it, or standing by the piano, sang not to the audience in the theatre, but to his fellows on the stage. The effect, I felt, was not wholly successful, for the preparations behind scenes for the opera that was to follow, obliged the singers to line up across the stage like a row of stiff and very conventional minstrels.

One night during a performance of "Onegin," on seeking for Stanislavsky during an intermission, I found him kneeling in the wings, rubbing the forehead and hands of a pale young man whom I recognized as the singer of the title rôle. "He has just fainted," some one said.

Stanislavsky rose to his feet. "Of course he has fainted," he explained, and there was a trace of bitterness in his voice. "This boy walked six miles to the theatre to-night, and he has had nothing to eat all day."

That was my first intimation of the fact that the Moscow Art Theatre to-day is facing the problem of its very existence. Last May it was "denationalized," that is cut off from all Government rations or subsidy, and since then the situation has grown daily more difficult. The need for funds prevented the theatre from closing its doors during the summer months. The director hoped by a series of summer performances to accumulate a small reserve with which to meet the necessary outlay for the fall season, but the result was meagre—barely sufficient to pay the stage-carpenters and scene-shifters. Since the theatre can afford to hire only a fourth of the stage-hands required, the actors themselves are obliged to lend a hand, to help shift scenery and revolve the rotary stage. As for the actors themselves, not one of them has received a rouble since May last, and future prospects are not brilliant: no funds, no material for scenery or costumes, no prospects of paying the actors. According to Stanislavsky, no one is particularly to blame for this state of affairs. Lunacharsky has done all that he possibly can. It is possible that the Art Theatre has been to some extent the victim of sabotage, on the one hand from what were once the State theatres—who still enjoy something of their former prestige—and on the

other from the partisans of proletculture, who regard the Art Theatre as eminently aristocratic—a decadent art-form of another era.

Stanislavsky himself is discouraged. "Our theatre is dying," he told me sadly. "One by one, my actors are forced to leave me; otherwise they must die of hunger. Of those who are left few are fitted to play comedy; but comedy we must play—not only because of the moral effect of tragedy on people who are sick and discouraged, but because none of our actors has still the physical strength that is required to play a sustained heavy rôle. 1922 will be our twenty-fifth anniversary. We were to have made our first tour in western Europe, perhaps even in America. That had always been our plan. I believed that with twenty-five years of experience behind me, I should have been justified in explaining my ideas concerning the theatre to others; then too, I could have shown examples of what we have done in Moscow. Now it is too late. On its twenty-fifth anniversary, the Art Theatre will probably close its doors. There is no place for us in Russia to-day."

As I stood before the weary figure of the splendid old man, with his snow-white hair, his frayed coat, his worn-out shoes, I felt with special poignancy the almost hopeless tragedy of art in a country whose pre-occupation for years to come must of necessity be economic.

IDA TREAT O'NEIL.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### THOSE FOURTEEN POINTS.

SIRS: Regarding the letter headed "Mythologically Speaking" in your issue of 11 January, I should like to inquire how the belief or disbelief of the German statesmen in the Fourteen Points can in any way affect the fact of their having been offered to Germany and accepted by her as the basis of terms for an armistice and ultimate peace? In all probability the German statesmen, with knowledge of the duplicities and complexities of diplomatic language and cognizant of the secret treaties, were extremely sceptical, but knowing the desperate state of the food-situation in Germany at the time, they were in no position to be hypercritical, and naturally sought to capitulate on the best terms they could. Would the statesmen of any other country in a similar position act otherwise? Did not the Fourteen Points embody everything the spokesmen of the Allied Nations had repeatedly declared themselves to be fighting for? Again were not the Fourteen Points used largely as Allied propaganda in Germany, and were not the common people, undoubtedly lacking in subtlety, simple enough to believe that peace was being offered and could be obtained on those terms?

Your correspondent refers to the nature of Messrs. Ludendorff and Hindenburg's "love of humanity and liberalism"—may it not have been analogous to the love of the Allied statesmen for right, justice, democracy, etc.? Were we not assured that the Allied nations had monopolized all the virtues and all the high moral purpose, and were in fact the saviours of the world? How can we then logically expect benighted German statesmen and generals to show a proper appreciation of our benign efforts to bestow democracy upon them? Perhaps our interpretation of the Fourteen Points in the Versailles treaty will have helped them in this regard. I am, etc.,  
Vancouver, B. C. CAROLINE L. NOTZEL.

### A STUDY IN DUAL PERSONALITY.

SIRS: Your complete misunderstanding of two recent opinions of the Committee on Professional Ethics in matters of divorce, and especially your challenge to the Committee to square certain precepts of justice with the practice it recommends as ethical, call for notice.

Though a member of the Committee, I write not on behalf of the Committee, but on my sole responsibility.

The Committee advises lawyers, and therefore assumes that its answers to questions will be read and construed by lawyers. No lawyer would draw your conclusion from either of the answers noticed by you. Nevertheless, since these answers have attracted the attention of laymen, and have led



you to "insinuate by negation" that the Committee was influenced by a desire to foster litigation for lawyers' profit, it is but fair that you should give heed to a few words of explanation.

The first answer advises that a lawyer may file an answer on behalf of a defendant in divorce, "falsely" denying a charge of adultery. This is not equivalent to advising that a lawyer may vouch for a lie; because such an answer deceives no one, and does not even impose upon the plaintiff a burden of proof. If there were no answer, or if the answer admitted adultery, the plaintiff would still be required to prove the charge. Judgments of divorce are not granted by default or upon admissions. Then why answer at all? Because adultery is a crime. The Constitution forbids that any man be required to incriminate himself; yet (subject to qualifications not here material), if he does incriminate himself by an admission, whether express or implied, that admission may be used against him in a criminal prosecution. In a civil action, any material allegation of the complaint not denied by the defendant is deemed to be admitted by him. Hence the statute regulating practice provides: "The answer of the defendant in an action for divorce may be made without verifying it" (i. e., without swearing or affirming that it is true); thus enabling the defendant on the one hand to claim his Constitutional privilege against self-incrimination, which he would imperil by a failure to deny, and on the other hand to avoid perjury. All that the Committee's advice means to a lawyer is, that since the client has been expressly authorized to do this thing, it is not professionally improper for his lawyer to do it for him.

The second answer advises that it is contrary to public policy to make an agreement not to interpose a defence in an action of divorce. To some extent, what has been said above applies to this answer also. But in addition let me say that while "public policy," as a law-term, has uncertain boundaries, it certainly does include the policy of the State or nation as expressed in the decisions of the courts, and in valid statutes of general application, so far at least as they have not become obsolete. The law of this State in the matter of divorce may (and in my opinion does) embody a policy both archaic and of immoral tendency; but it is by no means obsolete; it is valid, and has survived many attempts at repeal or amendment. Laws forbidding restraints upon competition, laws against usury, laws against dissemination of knowledge concerning birth-control, are debatable from the standpoint of morality, economics, or social welfare; but no lawyer may, with professional propriety, in his law-practice, disregard such laws as expressions of the public policy of his State. In that sense, the public policy of New York (as understood by the Committee) is against an agreement not to interpose a defence in an action of divorce.

Finally, the Committee not only limits its advice to lawyers, but advises lawyers in reference to proper professional conduct only. It is one thing to say to a lawyer: "If you do so and so, you will not in our opinion be guilty of unprofessional conduct." It would be quite a different thing to say, and the Committee does not say: "If we were in your place, we should act thus and so." There are on the Committee lawyers who, I am sure, would not undertake the defence of an action of divorce for a client who had really given cause for divorce; lawyers who are opposed to the entire policy of the New York divorce-laws; and lawyers who wouldn't touch a divorce-case of any kind in any circumstances. I am, etc.,

LAWYER.

#### MR. HAYS GOES TO THE MOVIES.

SIRS: The newspapers and the liberal press are making a big to-do about Mr. Hays resigning his position as Postmaster-General of the United States to take a position as director of the motion-picture trust. They actually do not know what it is all about. They all regard it as a matter of business. It is; but it is not little business as they surmise; it is big business.

Big business sees that talking prosperity is not making prosperity. Hard times are going to be harder. Profiteering and smashing the trade unions is going on. Discontent among the masses is increasing. Before the French Revolution, the aristocracy drank wine, made merry, and said, "If the people haven't bread let them eat grass." But that attitude will not do to-day. The plutocracy has learned a new trick. Mr. Wilson taught it. He appointed Mr. George Creel, Previndicator Extraordinary to the United States, and gave him instructions to go to it and convince the public that war is a glorious business, that the Allies are angels of light, and that the Germans are all children of the Devil. George put it over. The public fell for it. They laid down their money and their lives, and Mr. Wilson had his war.

Big business has talked over the matter with Mr. Harding. Propaganda is the thing. Mr. Harding has agreed to release Mr. Hays for a larger service. The new job is to use the "movies" for propaganda. Something has to be done. The Administration realizes that it is not going to be able to deliver the goods and give the people better times. So they are to have the next best thing—the Wilson-Creel stuff—they are going to be convinced that everything is all right and that a rotten game is a good game.

Mr. Hays is leaving the Postmaster-Generalship, not because he needs the money from the new position, but because big business and the Republican Administration have picked him to save the day—for a little while longer.

It has come to pass that the moving-picture business is no longer in the control of the "movie" men. The Morgan banks are the moving-picture business now.

The "movies" are to be used to show what a wonderful country the U. S. A. is; how much better things are here than anywhere else; what a splendid fellow the American working-man is; and what a splendid fellow is his comrade and college chum, the American capitalist. We shall soon see the "movie" shows presenting dramas illustrating the wickedness of trade unions, the badness of the socialists, and, of course, the terrible Bolsheviks. What would Wall Street and the Secret Service do without them? The scab who breaks the strike will marry the boss's daughter and start right in wearing a dress suit to dinner.

Many publications have editorials on "the great loss to the nation," "the sacrifice of the Administration," and "we deeply regret the retirement of Mr. Hays"—sort of stuff. Bless their souls, they need not feel so badly; Mr. Hays is still on the job. He has just been moved up to a more important position. That is all. I am, etc.,

New York City.

J. P. WARBASSE.

## BOOKS.

### NEW EVIDENCE IN THE CASE.

SHORTLY after the great war opened in 1914, each of the belligerent Governments published a volume of diplomatic documents. The purpose in every case was the same, namely: to prove the complete innocence of the Government in question and to establish the awful guilt of the enemy. On the basis of these official papers, editors, professors, and publicists wrote books, pamphlets, leading articles and feature stories, all designed to sustain the official thesis about the war and stir the angry passions of the masses against the foe. Had the war ended in a stalemate, our knowledge of its immediate origins would be limited to the official statements, for the belligerent Governments would have emerged intact with their prize archives as secret as the grave.

But the war did not end in a stalemate. The belligerents did not all emerge with their political machines intact. The Germans invaded Belgium, drove out the Belgian Government, searched the archives, and published sheaves of important papers. The Austrians did a similar turn to scholarship in Serbia. The Bolsheviks, on overthrowing the Tsar, exposed to the gaze of the astounded world the secret treaties and the chief diplomatic documents relative to Russian policy before the war. The Social Democrats in Germany, after the November Revolution, did the same thing for the archives of Wilhelmstrasse. In Vienna the downfall of the Dual Monarchy was followed by the publication of the papers of the Austrian Foreign Office. Thus by a strange stroke of fortune we have literally thousands of valuable papers which the belligerent Governments never intended the public to see. Only the archives of London and Paris remain secure from prying eyes under lock and key; but some notion even of their contents may be surmised from the papers wrenched from the archives of Brussels, Petrograd, and Belgrade.

This outcome of the war gives to students of history and diplomacy an unusual opportunity. Ordinarily it



happens that such archives are kept secret until the generation that participated in the negotiations is dead and gone; but now, within eight years of the event, we have the most priceless records, the most secret documents, the most confidential memoranda bearing upon the outbreak of the great war. Moreover, some of the active leaders, proud of their achievements, are adding to the official record their own boastful memoirs that throw light on motives otherwise obscure.

Already a few scholars whose goal is the truth at all costs are at work on the immense collection of materials. Mr. Sydney B. Fay, with a patience, skill, and insight, seldom equalled in American historical scholarship, has examined many of the documents and published his findings in the *American Historical Review*.

German scholars and men of affairs have made use of the papers for the purpose of shifting some of the guilt from German shoulders. Now comes M. Pevet, who saw service in the French trenches, with his volume, "Les Responsables de la Guerre," which is a complete survey of everything available up to the end of 1921. M. Demartial, in his introduction, asks why his friend, in the hectic age of Landru and Charlie Chaplin, should have taken the trouble to write a five-hundred-page book that few will buy and none will read. Then M. Demartial answers his own question: Just to show that there are a few reasonable beings left in France; a statement which reveals the French spirit in its noblest form.

M. Pevet opens with "the Concert of Europe" as it stood after the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. That measure of aggression produced many results. On 8 October, 1908, the Russian diplomat, Isvolsky, said to Vesnitch, the Serbian minister at Paris: "Serbia will lose nothing as a result of the step taken by Austria, but will actually gain from it. You Serbs can not think of dislodging Austria-Hungary from Bosnia and Herzegovina by arms. . . . Hitherto, we have always sustained Serbia and we shall support her in the future, always and with all possible means." From that time forward, as M. Pevet shows, Russian diplomacy was directed towards one objective: the destruction and liquidation of Austria-Hungary by means of a general European war. In March, 1909, the Russian Government informed Serbia

that Russia would enter the war if its existence was involved. When its equipment is ready, Russia will renew the matter with Austria-Hungary. Serbia should not go to war, because that would be suicide. . . . Conceal your intentions and prepare yourselves, for the days of joy will come.

That is the heart of the matter. Russian diplomats, by 1908, had firmly resolved to break up the Austro-Hungarian Empire and for six years they bent every energy to that enterprise. The Tsar's agents knew that Germany was allied with Austria and would not stand idly by while Russia and Serbia brought about the liquidation of the Dual Monarchy. For that reason Russia resolved to make the war general, drawing into the affair both France and England. Meanwhile Russia kept Serbian nationalism aflame by assuring the Serbs that the day of liberation would come. In January, 1914, the Serbian minister, Pachitch, asked the Tsar whether he would give one of the grand duchesses in marriage to the Serbian Crown Prince. The Tsar was delighted. Then the Serbian minister, in a burst of ecstasy, said: "She would enjoy the affection of all Serbian people, and if God and circumstances permit, she will become the queen of all the Slav nations of the South. Her glory and her influence will spread through-

out the Balkan peninsula." There is the grand Serb dream. Break up Austria-Hungary, unite the South Slavs, and bind Russia and Slavia in matrimony—God and circumstances permitting. In what category the murder of the Austrian Archduke should be placed is a matter for the casuist, not the historian. So Serbia and Russia set out together on their way to the "joyous days" when at the expense of a general European holocaust they were to realize their dream.

Russia now turns to France, already an ally under the terms of a secret treaty of long standing. In 1911, the Russian ambassador at Paris writes home:

If we have decided to raise the question of the Straits (the Turkish question), it is of the highest importance in that regard to have a favourable press here [literally, *une bonne presse*]. Unfortunately, I am in that respect deprived of the most important means, since my insistent requests for funds for the press have produced no results. I shall naturally do all that is in my power, but it is a matter in which public opinion, for traditional reasons, is against us. As an example of the utility of having money for the press, I may cite the affair of Tripoli. I know how Tittoni (Italian ambassador at Paris) won over the leading French journals *avec la main largement ouverte*.

Whether the money came from St. Petersburg does not appear in the record, but Russo-French negotiations went on rapidly. The two countries already had a military alliance and to this were added naval "conversations." In 1912, the Russian ambassador at Paris, M. Isvolsky, was able to report wonderful progress. He wrote joyfully in September the news of his negotiations with President Poincaré.

M. Poincaré has said to me, [he exclaimed] that the French Government is considering above all the question of possible international complications. It is fully aware that certain events, such as the destruction of Bulgaria by Turkey or an attack by Austria against Serbia would compel Russia to abandon her passive attitude and take at the outset diplomatic measures, which would be followed by military measures, against Turkey or Austria. According to assurances which we have received from the French Government, we could in such a case count upon the most sincere and most energetic co-operation of France. In that phase of events, the French Government would not even have to obtain the sanction of the French Parliament or a public opinion in favour of active military measures. If a conflict with Austria, however, has for an effect the armed intervention of Germany, France will naturally regard that as a case of war and will not hesitate a minute to fulfil her obligations to Russia. . . . M. Poincaré regards with extreme optimism the chances of France and Russia in case of a general collision.

To make a long story short, the representatives of the French Government, without informing Parliament or the public, told Russia to go ahead with her plans for breaking up Austria-Hungary on the assumption that this would lead to a war with Germany which would be popular with the French people. Pages of evidence here support this inexorable conclusion. Russia was sure of France by 1912.

Meanwhile, the diplomatic agents of Russia sounded out England. Had not the *Saturday Review* long before said:

If Germany were extinguished to-morrow, the day after to-morrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for two hundred and fifty million pounds of commerce? . . . England has awakened to what is alike inevitable and her best hope of prosperity: '*Germaniam esse delendam*.'

M. Sazonov was the man chosen to "sound the ground." He was cordially received by George V at Balmoral. It so happened that both the Conservative and the Liberal party-chiefs were present. Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Grey were on hand. Mr. Law said to Sazonov in Sir Edward Grey's presence, that Conservatives and Liberals were all agreed on one thing: that was the

<sup>1</sup> "Les Responsables de la Guerre." Alfred Pevet. Preface by G. Demartial. Paris: Librairie de l'Humanité.



closest contact with Russia. M. Sazonov then asked Sir Edward Grey if Russia could count on England in case of a war with Germany; he also informed Sir Edward of the Franco-Russian naval agreement and asked him if the English fleet would come to their aid.

With a [redacted] [wrote Sazonov] Grey declared that in the [redacted] mentioned. England would set all forces in motion to strike the most effective blow at German power. The question of operations of war in the Baltic had already been discussed. . . . In conclusion, Grey confirmed, of his own motion, what I had already heard from Poincaré, that there existed an agreement between England and France on the terms, in which England pledged herself, in case of a war with Germany, not only to come to the aid of France on the sea, but also to furnish troops on land.

So much for Sir Edward Grey. Then M. Sazonov turned to George V, the man of honour who later remarked to Mr. Page, the American ambassador, "My God! what else could we do?"

The King, [said Sazonov] touching the same matters, showed himself more decided than his Minister. With visible emotion, His Majesty, referring to the German ambitions for naval equality, exclaimed that in case of war the consequences would be disastrous, not only for the German navy but also for German commerce, because the English would sink every merchant vessel which they could capture. These last words reflect not only the personal sentiments of His Majesty, but the sentiment which prevails in England on the subject of Germany.

In the spring of 1914, after it had been arranged that Russian and British naval officers should hold "conversations" on the disposition of Anglo-Russian forces in case of a war with Germany, M. Isvolsky, who was present at the conference, wrote home that the French statesmen "regarded the reservations of Grey and his colleagues as pure form."

To make the English part of the story short, Russia was sure that she could count on England in case of a general war in which Germany took part. This is demonstrated with mathematical precision in page after page of Russian papers. It was on this assurance that Russia entered upon her programme in the spring and summer of 1914. As events proved, England was true to her "conversations." She came to the aid of France and Russia.

Then came the murder of the Archduke and his wife by a Serbian agitator. Austria, knowing that her very life was at stake—with good reason as the above record shows—dealt firmly, harshly with Serbia. The Russians, the French, and the English were shocked at the idea of such a Great Power picking on a small, defenceless country. But, M. Pevet remarks, if the Prince of Wales were murdered while on a tour in some distant part of the British Empire by an agitator of nationalist origin would England reply with a flood of notes or with cannon balls? Would she accept the offer of a rival Power to bring her and her case before a conference packed with foes? Austria insisted on punishing the Serbs; Germany, convinced that Russia was bluffing, gave Austria a fairly free hand. Austria declared war on Serbia. Russia mobilized. Then Germany struck, knowing that Russia had planned and was bent on a general war with the knowledge and aid of France and England. Such in brief is M. Pevet's thesis, formed on the basis of a searching examination of the documents. It is a ringing challenge to the official mythology of the great war.

A few reflections seem justified after a study of this volume. The treaty of Versailles rests on the assumption that Germany was the only guilty party in the recent affair. Punishments and indemnities, whatever the theory, were in fact based on this assumption. That treaty was not an economic document designed to re-

store the economic life of the world. It was a document dictated in the main by fear and revenge and imperialism in spite of Mr. Wilson's moderating influence. Though the United States rejected the treaty, we suffer from its economic follies to the tune of millions of dollars annually. In view of the new evidence in the great case, a solemn obligation is laid before the Congress of the United States, that is, to institute a searching investigation into the causes, remote and immediate, of the great war. Let some Senator or Representative make a motion to that effect to-morrow. Let Professor Sydney B. Fay be appointed chairman and director. Nothing would contribute more to the advancement of common sense in our current diplomatic assumptions than such a procedure. The time is ripe.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

### TRADITION AND TRANSITION.

MR. J. C. SQUIRE is a cultivated poet. To read the works contained in his "Poems; Second Series" steadily through, is to realize that here is a writer for whom Providence has done very little as regards inspiration. Unfortunately, where another writer might have transformed this defect of emotional response into a positive virtue, Mr. Squire parades his lack of sensibility in his poems unadorned. Not for him Gautier's lapidary brilliance, or Mallarmé's tortuous obscurity. Rather he seeks the quiet, even, elegiac notes of Collins or of Gray. But—and there is a large but—neither Collins nor Gray was a great poet. We can not ignore them in the history of English poetry, any more than Bryant or Longfellow can be ignored in the history of American poetry; but is it worth while, at this late date, to stop one's mental machinery at the moment they represent? I think not. Mr. Squire has sacrificed far too many precious qualities of heart and mind for the sake of blindly following a bygone tradition.

In the last forty pages of this book, which alone represent new work (the rest is reprinted without change from the volume noticed in these pages some time ago, entitled: "The Birds, and Other Poems"), Mr. Squire unfortunately writes as almost any tired versifier might write, who has a certain knowledge of what has been written before, and an ability to follow carefully in the tracks of others. Let us remember that he first obtained fame as a parodist, and then let us ask ourselves whether the long and rambling poem entitled "The Moon" does not read like a vague parody of Keats and Shelley, in their weaker moments. Similarly, "Constantinople" owes whatever merit it has—and this is very slight—to a duller and fainter re-echoing of the heroic-ballad technique so ably displayed in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse." "Elegy" is more of Mr. Squire's own; but here again we feel that he has simply rehearsed the sentiment of his own poem "To a Friend Recently Dead" and has not done it better. As for "The Rugger Match" which concludes the volume, this is by far the weakest and feeblest poem he has written. Here the method of direct, cinematographic realism is borrowed from Mr. Masfield, but without any of the speed and unflagging excitement of which Masfield alone holds the secret. In short, whatever Mr. Squire attempts turns into something as dull and depressing as a November Sunday in England; a double misfortune for him and for us.

Mr. Graves's latest book (his third), "The Pier-Glass,"<sup>1</sup> is far more interesting than Mr. Squire's, but yet not altogether satisfactory. Of the twenty-five poems it contains there is not one of which it may be said that this is the unforgettable, the real thing. The "pier-glass" in which the poet has looked at himself has now caught his countenance in a moment of distortion, of transition from one expression to another; and so we have here lines which recall the happier fantastic humour of "Fairies and

<sup>1</sup>"Poems; Second Series." J. C. Squire. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup>"The Pier-Glass." Robert Graves. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.



Fusiliers" and others which represent a grimmer and more persistent mood. "The Treasure Box" and "The Patchwork Bonnet" may stand for poetry of the type with which Mr. Graves has already made us gratefully familiar; "The Magical Picture" and "Lost Love" for the new type of poetry at which he is aiming—a poetry more gaunt, stark and serious than any he has yet done. Mr. Graves must be allowed the benefit of time and, presumably, further experience, ere he can achieve perfectly his new aim. He has already shown himself to be a writer of individuality and promise; let us hope that the promise may now ripen into fulfilment.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

### PUBLIC OPINION IN THE MAKING.

STILL they come—books on the great strike of the steel-workers in 1919. Never has there been an industrial struggle so thoroughly written up; which is befitting, considering that it was by all odds the most momentous labour-upheaval this country has so far experienced. First came two volumes of testimony taken by the Senate committee that investigated the strike; next, a volume by the present writer; then "Men and Steel" by Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse; and then the general report of the Interchurch World Movement. Now comes another volume entitled "Public Opinion and the Steel Strike of 1919" containing the reports supplementary to that of the Interchurch Movement.

The first report of the Interchurch Movement dealt with the general aspects of the strike, the issues involved, the incidents in the struggle, etc. This second volume deals with various special phases, and is made up of a series of studies by skilled investigators, including "Under-Cover Men" (R. Littell), "The Pittsburgh Newspapers and the Strike" (M. K. Wisehart), "Civil Rights in Western Pennsylvania" (George Soule), "The Mind of Immigrant Communities" (D. J. Saposs), "Welfare Work of the United States Steel Corporation" (G. Soule), "The Pittsburgh Pulpit and the Strike" (M. K. Wisehart), "The Steel Report and Public Opinion," and "Mediation Efforts by the Commission" (H. Blankenhorn). Taken together, these two volumes form one of the most important documents in American industrial history. No student of economics can afford to be without them.

The present volume, like the first, is a startling and completely authenticated story of supposedly sacred institutions corrupted, and of civic and personal liberty destroyed by a great corporation in its ruthless greed for profit. All the reports of the special investigators are valuable, some of them being of the first importance. Especially is this the case with the report on "Under-Cover Men" by Mr. R. Littell. This is one of the first fully documented studies ever made of the private detective-systems that are employed by our big industrial concerns. It convicts the Steel Corporation of fostering the worst and most degrading forms of espionage. Mr. Littell's revelations are based chiefly upon a file of letters and reports from detectives that were unwittingly turned over to Mr. Littell by a steel-official in Monessen, Pa. We may imagine that this careless individual has had occasion to regret his mistake.

Much credit is due to the churchmen who, in the face of bitter opposition, have supported and published these two volumes and also to the investigators who went into the steel-districts and courageously assembled the material. Their combined efforts have turned the searchlight of publicity upon the Steel Trust, and public opinion has been rendered more favourable than ever towards the organization of the steel-workers; for it is coming to be generally understood that only in trade-union action can the workers improve their conditions and remove the abuses that have been so ably exposed in these volumes.

The next step is to bring the great army of steel-workers into the unions. Unhappily the prospect of achieving this desirable end is remote. The two men

most necessary to such a move are Mr. Gompers, the President of the A. F. of L., and Mr. Tighe, the President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. As far as the steel-workers are concerned, these veteran leaders occupy the strategic positions in the labour-movement; but, alas, both of them are old men with old men's minds, and neither of them has any notion of organizing such a campaign as is needed if the steel-workers are to be reorganized. Despite the favourable atmosphere created by these reports of the Interchurch Movement, the immediate prospects of relief for the steel-workers are bad. While Mr. Gary is confronted with labour-leaders of the type of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Tighe he may rest easy in his position of mastery. It will take a new breed of radical labour-militants to break his grip. When will these be forthcoming?

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER.

### THE POET AS PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN a poet indulges himself in the intellectual exercise of elaborating a philosophical system through the medium of his poetic art, he is likely in the end to disappoint his readers, however much he may have enjoyed himself. The muse of poetry declines to consort with the muse of philosophy except on terms which the latter is not at all willing to accept. There is, however, a common ground upon which both may meet and receive from each other the courtesies of friendly understanding. That common ground is the ground of love. There is such a thing as a philosophy of love, as there is a poetry of love. There is even a poetic philosophy of love. What Plato did for the one in his "Symposium," Dante did for the other in his "Divine Comedy." But both the Symposium and the Comedy are "in the air," so to speak. The love they deal with is not rooted in the soil of human passion and has, therefore, never appealed to men who are also possessed by senses. It remained for Coventry Patmore to remedy this defect in his two poems, "The Angel in the House" and "The Unknown Eros."

Coventry Patmore is little known in this country, either as poet or philosopher. In England, where he was born and lived, he is known as the author of "The Angel" and as a Catholic mystic. Those who were judges accepted him as a poet of rare versifying ability, who dealt with the everyday aspects of married life with somewhat wearisome detail, while the rest treated him with amiable, if not condescending, politeness. It has remained for a later generation to appraise him differently and more justly, and the revaluation has been admirably made by Mr. Oscar Burdett.<sup>1</sup>

Patmore was a poet first and a philosopher afterwards. He did not sing by precept or shed tears by rule. He had quaffed the live current, as Wordsworth would have had him do. He had looked in steadiness and had a sense of the greatest amongst the least things. He saw "the parts as parts, but with a feeling of the whole." But he was of the scientific nineteenth century, and the revelation of the theory of evolution made him realize that woman was as much a part of the human species as was man. This commonplace fact is not generally recognized, not at least by the average man, but Patmore saw in it much more than the fact. He saw in it the root of the plant which flowers into love. The desire which draws a man and a woman together, for union, is elemental and, therefore, divine. Its consummation is for nature's purpose and for love's fulfilment, and love's fulfilment "is possible only to a lover who is a husband and to a woman who is that lover's wife." This was the basis of Patmore's philosophy of love, and the entire body of his writings is an elaboration of the idea that married love is the highest expression of God's being that human beings can make, and is the symbol of the relation between them and God.

To Patmore the woman's body is the mirror by which man sees the truths to which he would otherwise be blind. She is heaven itself, and heaven, being "the synthesis of

<sup>1</sup>"Public Opinion and the Steel Strike of 1919." Report of the Commission of Inquiry of the Interchurch World Movement. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

<sup>1</sup>"The Idea of Coventry Patmore." Oscar Burdett. New York: The Oxford University Press. \$3.75.



absolute content and infinite desire," is adumbrated in life as love. Woman in arousing it in man is the reflection of heaven, and is thus heaven to him. She is thus the means for the initiation into the divine mysteries. It is thus that Patmore asserts nuptial love to be the key to the enigmas of the universe, and that the relations of the lover, after, as before marriage, is prototypical of the relation of the soul to God. In an ode entitled "Sponsa Dei," Patmore carries his thought to its highest point. Who is this maiden fair, he asks, whom each sees and knows as queen and the tear-glad mistress of his hopes to bliss? And he answers:

What if this Lady be thy soul, and he  
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be,  
Not thou, but God; and thy sick fire  
A female vanity, . . .  
A reflex heat  
Flashed on thy cheek from his immense desire,  
Which waits to crown, beyond the brain's conceit,  
Thy nameless, secret, hopeless longing sweet,  
Not by-and-by, but now,  
Unless deny him thou!

May not this be the reason for the sighs and the tears which run through all human love? May it not be that its fulfilment is not for this earth, and that love's desire is for some one of whom the human loved one is the semblance only? Is not this the true explanation of what the scientist calls sex and what the poet knows as passion? The soul is Sponsa Dei, the bride-elect of God, but the courtship must take place not in the region of abstract thought, but through the body. Man's body is his storehouse of reality, his only saviour from infinity and vagueness, the incarnation of the qualities which make him divine. Within this wall of infinitude, as Patmore calls the body, and within it only must we find our real freedom. It is the rebellious spirit that is for ever seeking for infinity. The man of virtue and wisdom is the man who recognizes the limits which condition him, even as God himself does, and thus becomes like God.

For, ah, who can express  
How full of bonds and simpleness  
Is God,  
How narrow is he  
And how the wide, waste field of possibility  
Is only trod  
Straight to his homestead in the human heart,  
And all his art  
Is as the babe's that wins his mother to repeat  
Her little song so sweet!

This is Patmore's finely original explanation of the phrase "God is love." It will sound strange even to modern readers, but however strange it may sound, it carries with it a compelling thought that answers most of the arguments we can bring against it. In this defence of the dignity of human love, there is not only a high affirmation of its purity but there is laid on us also a high compulsion to keep it so, if we are truly to know its joys.

This is the idea of Coventry Patmore, and it is perhaps the most important contribution to religious thought made in the past century. Mr. Burdett has earned our gratitude for his fine insight into this poetry and for the clarity of his exposition of it. His book is not merely a commentary but a genuine contribution.

Patmore was an unusual man in many respects. He had something to say on most things and he said it for an unusual reason and in an unusual way. His book of essays entitled "Courage in Politics" has a cathartic virtue in it which is much needed in our present state of congested thought. Patmore was no believer in democracy, and his criticisms of it bite all the more deeply because he spoke not from prejudice but from principles which are as everlasting as the hills. The man himself had few friends, but even his bitterest enemies could not but acknowledge the revelatory power of his insight and the distinguished urbanity of his writings. It would be a good test of any man's open-mindedness if, after reading this book, he were to find himself questioning the soundness of his own point of view.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> "Courage in Politics." Coventry Patmore. New York: The Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

## SHORTER NOTICES.

THERE is a great demand in these days for reporting on the life of the unskilled worker, and anybody who will put on overalls or an apron and make an excursion to the Avernus of the casual labourer is sure of a market for his "write-up." Thus the anonymous author of "Four Years in the Underbrush," who is advertised as a novelist of note, "walked out of the National Arts Club into the underbrush of the greatest jungle in civilization," and has made a record of her experiences there which the publishers offer as "fascinating reading" and "a highly significant sociological document." It is hard to see any value in the book as a sociological treatise, or any interest in it as a piece of reporting. The writer observes without the special training and the detachment of a sociologist, and is unskilled in the mechanisms of journalism. She sentimentalizes over the indignities put upon the unskilled woman worker, and, aghast at the social crisis of which she has become aware so abruptly and belatedly, makes recommendations that are incredibly superficial, inept, hysterical. Members of suburban reading-clubs may find "Four Years in the Underbrush" informing, suggestive, and stimulating. Few others will.

E. T. B.

It is only natural, perhaps, that the war should have left a train of minor mental ailments in its wake. One of the most pronounced of these psychological aberrations is the widespread tendency to explain contemporary political and social developments in terms of mysterious subterranean plottings. The German plot has now gone out of fashion except among French propagandists; but tales of Jewish and Bolshevik conspiracies are still numerous; and now Mrs. Webster in her book, "World Revolution," applies a plot theory of the most generous dimensions to the history of the last hundred and fifty years. In the beginning were the Illuminati, a mysterious secret society whose hidden influence upon the course of events Mrs. Webster professes to reveal in its full magnitude. From the Illuminati sprang, as she shows in a curious genealogical chart at the end of the volume, all the leading figures and tendencies of the French Revolution, the Carbonari and the Fenians, the Bolsheviks and Mensheviks of Russia, the French Saint-Simonians, and the German General Staff of 1914. The Jews play an important but subsidiary rôle in Mrs. Webster's thrilling drama of world-revolution. They simultaneously profit by the present system and lead the revolutionary forces which are trying to destroy it. All of which goes to show that this is a book that is likely to be popular in Department of Justice circles, and no District Attorney's library will be complete without it.

J. B.

## A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

A FEW further notes on Henry James, apropos of the question of the contemporary *émigré*. It is curious to observe how emphatically, at least in his later years and permanent absentee that he was himself, James counselled other Americans, and especially other American writers, to stay at home. In the American Letters that he contributed in 1898 to *Literature*, he insists that "saturation is almost more important than talent," and remarks: "The point I for the moment make is simply that in the American air I am nervous in general lest talent should wish to 'sail for Europe.'" And he adds that if, for example, Miss Mary E. Wilkins comes over he means to have deportation agents on the dock at Liverpool to turn her back. In a letter of his own he writes of Mrs. Wharton: "She *must* be tethered in native pastures, even if it reduces her to a back-yard in New York," adding that this is the pure essence of his wisdom and experience. Again, writing to Mrs. Wharton herself, he says: "Your only drawback is not having the homeliness and the inevitability and the happy limitation and the affluent poverty of a country of your own." One recalls the advice which he gave his elder brother in regard to the bringing up of the latter's children: "What I most of all feel, and in the light of it conjure you to keep doing for them, is their being *à même* to contract local saturations and attachments in respect to their *own* great and glorious country,

<sup>1</sup> "Four Years in the Underbrush." Anonymous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

<sup>2</sup> "World Revolution." Nesta H. Webster. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. \$3.50.



to learn, and strike roots into, its infinite beauty, as I suppose, and variety."

DID James himself regret that he had passed his life outside of his own country? Did he feel that his work had suffered from it, that he would have been a greater writer if he too, after his early travels, had come home again? If, on one or two of the visits of his later years, he returned to America half expecting to stay, he was certainly not long in losing any such intention. "I could come back to America (could be carried back on a stretcher) to die," he wrote in 1913 to Mrs. William James, "but never, never to live"; to Mr. Gosse he said, during the first month of the war, "However British you may be, I am more British still"; he had found himself a complete alien in the new America. The fact remains that during the decade which preceded his visit of 1904, the first he had made in twenty years, his mind was more than once occupied with the question of what, for him, an American destiny might have been. I am not thinking merely of his ever-increasing tendency during these years to idealize the country of his birth.

THIS latter tendency is, however, one of the most interesting aspects of James's life. "Europe has ceased to be romantic to me," he writes in 1903 to Mme. Paul Bourget, "and my own country, in the evening of my days, has become so." In a similar strain he writes to his brother of "my native land, which time, absence and change have, in a funny sort of way, made almost as romantic to me as 'Europe,' in dreams or in my earlier time here, used to be." Like old Mr. Sloane, in his early tale "A Light Man," he "began to feel certain natural, filial longings for this dear American mother of us all—they say the most hopeless truants and triflers have come to it." Mr. Hueffer, who saw him constantly at that period, says: "Indeed I knew that, towards the end of his life, he came to think that the society of early self-conscious New England, with its circumscribed horizon and want of exterior decoration or furnishing, was a spiritually finer thing than the mannered Europeanism that had so taken him to its bosom." There is plenty of evidence of this in his novels and stories, in "The Wings of the Dove," for instance, in "The Beldonald Holbein," even in "The Golden Bowl." His settled opinion of English society was the reverse of flattering. But all that is another story—unless it is the same story that England had ceased to feed his imagination. He idealized America; he came back frankly in search of the "romance and mystery" which he no longer found in the old world; he came for the shock to his relaxed curiosity of a new and stirring experience. Even in this a close scrutiny might discover an element of regret for opportunities lost.

NATURAL indeed were these "filial longings" of the ageing exile, although, as I say, they seem to indicate, in their disillusionment with the old world, in their mounting idealization of the new, a sort of perception, a sort of dim speculation at least as to whether, after all, he might *not* have survived in his own country, survived perhaps more effectually than he had been able to do in an environment which, for all its charm, had left him, as he said, but a "thin, starved, lonely, defeated, beaten prospect." The "Great Good Place" to which his fancy had transported him had certainly more of the "circumscribed" American in it than the "mannered" European. What I have in mind, however, is the evidence of two books he began at about the turn of the century, the life of W. W. Story and "The Sense of the Past," which he resumed, only to leave it unfinished, not long before his death. Story, he says, never "shut his door once for all to the knock of the vagrant question. . . . He therefore never failed of any plenitude in feeling—in the fullness of time and on due occasion—that a man always pays, in one way or another, for expatriation, for detachment from his plain primary heritage." That sentence alone is enough to show us that the vagrant question was knocking at James's door also.

THAT it was knocking very loudly one certainly can not affirm. The pages that James here devotes to the case of the permanent absentee are interesting rather for their general than for their personal bearing: he poses the problem, he does not attempt to solve it. What seems to him clear is that half a century ago, at least, the artist could not survive in America at all; and he adds: "The inward drama of this perception on the part of the repatriated pilgrim has enacted itself in thousands of breasts and thousands of lives, and doubtless goes on doing so without coming to light—that is to any such light, as permits us, as we say of dramas that are typical, to assist at it. It has never been noted, reported, commemorated, in a manner worthy of its intrinsic interest. . . . There is often, at all events, a conflict of forces as sharp as any of those in which the muse of history, the muse of poetry, is usually assumed to be interested." On the other hand, it seems to him that the moral in Story's case is that he *paid*—"paid for having sought his development even among the circumstances that at the time of his choice appeared not alone the only propitious, but the only possible. It was as if the circumstances on which, to do this, he had turned his back, had found an indirect way to be avenged for the discrimination." Which is a way of saying that the course of the American artist lies between Scylla and Charybdis, and that if he evades the rock it is only to be caught in the whirlpool. It is in the conclusion, however, that the "vagrant question" raises its head, for the final possibility which presents itself to James is that while Story "might have been less of a sculptor 'at home,' he might have been more of a poet." And the conditions that are favourable to a poet are not so different from those that are favourable to a novelist.

TURN now to "The Sense of the Past," which James began at this same period. It is the story of Ralph Pendrel's experiences in England, and with these we have here nothing to do. It opens, however, with the figure of Aurora Coyne, who has had "somewhere abroad" . . . an encounter, an adventure, an agitation" that has filled her with "rage or shame, leaving behind it a wound or a horror." The point is that she has come back to America, never to leave it again. "One must choose at last," she says, "and I take up definitely with my own country. It's high time; here, *en fin de compte*, one can at least do or be something, show something, make something. To try and make something is at all events what's wanted of us, and even if we make nothing it's at least as good to make it here on the spot as to go thousands of miles on as great a fool's errand. I want, in short, to be an American, as other people are—well, whatever they are." And she wants Pendrel to stay with her. "What I'm dying to see is the best we can turn out quite by ourselves. . . . You know everything, and yet you've learnt it all over here; some miracle or other has worked for you. . . . My cold little theory is exactly indeed that it would be interesting to catch you—catch you young, as they say, since you *are* young—and put you through. . . . I should see what it makes of a man." Can we doubt that James himself was asking there a question of his own, the question that had occupied him all his life long? Mr. Gosse tells us that when the "Déracinés" of Maurice Barrès appeared, the book "supplied James with an endless subject of talk and reflection." One can well believe it.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Thomas Hardy: Novelist and Poet," by Samuel C. Chew. Bryn Mawr Monographs, New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$1.50.

"The Lonely Warrior," by Claude C. Washburn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

"Memoirs of a Midget," by Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

"A Virgin Heart," by Remy de Gourmont. New York: Nicholas L. Brown. \$2.00.

"Toward the Understanding of Jesus," by Vladimir G. Simkhovitch. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.



### *Second wind.*

THE publication of our one-hundredth number might easily become the occasion of a panegyric about the FREEMAN or of the printing of extracts from the stream of flattering comment which is a source of joy to those who make the paper.

We present this centesimal issue soberly and without undue self-felicitation. Possessing, as we do, a body of articulate friends, it is proper that we at least affect modesty.

For one thing, birthdays and anniversaries are constricting—usually they are associated with an unpleasant sense of duty. The spontaneous, everyday relations of people are much more admirable than their inhibited conduct when the calendar demands that an anniversary be recognized. Therefore it is meet that we offer our one-hundredth issue quietly. Our enthusiasm for the FREEMAN is a progressive thing but it may not be noisy, for if we were to crow over the one-hundredth issue, louder crowing for the one-hundred-and-first would be in order, and something like a *fortissimo* for the one-hundred-and-second would be necessary, *ad infinitum*.

Also, we recognize that in spite of the FREEMAN's success, one hundred numbers constitute a promise rather than a performance. Though the one hundred represent a significant contribution to American journalism, they are but a pledge for the future.

The FREEMAN came into the field quietly, but full panoplied. It made certain restrained observations on the kind of paper it was going to be, and since then it has frequently pointed out the public importance of supporting a journalistic medium for the rational consideration of life and manners from the radical standpoint.

We do not ask whether the thoughtful men and women of America believe that the FREEMAN has done what it hoped to be able to do, or whether they agree with us that such a weekly is a community-need. They have answered already. The subscription-list is our index: it is at its high-water mark to-day, and the present rate of increase is greater than at any time in the history of the hundred numbers.

We look forward to the second FREEMAN century. Every paper, however good, grows stale for a certain percentage of its readers: they are the experimenters who will try any new paper once, and the readers who want fresh sensations and search ever for still newer ones. We have been fortunate for, in the main, our losses have been among worshipers who found themselves in the wrong church, (they mistook the FREEMAN for a Liberal paper) though some of those who strayed in carelessly found the pews comfortable and the sermon to their liking.

Next week we begin our second hundred with the original convictions which animated the paper, plus the vigour which accrues from public approval. We hope you will like No. 101 as much as you did the famous No. 1, and we hope to catch your eye with some remarks on the last page of No. 200.